

266.05  
A2C

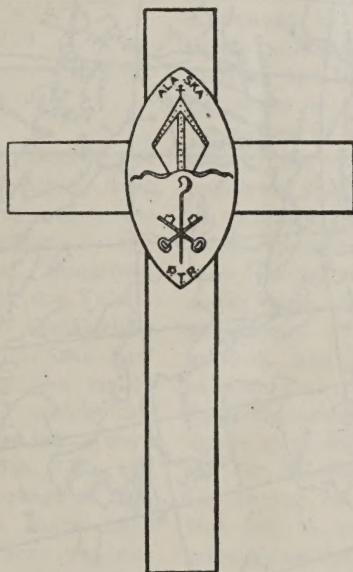
# The Alaskan Churchman

"O, ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever."

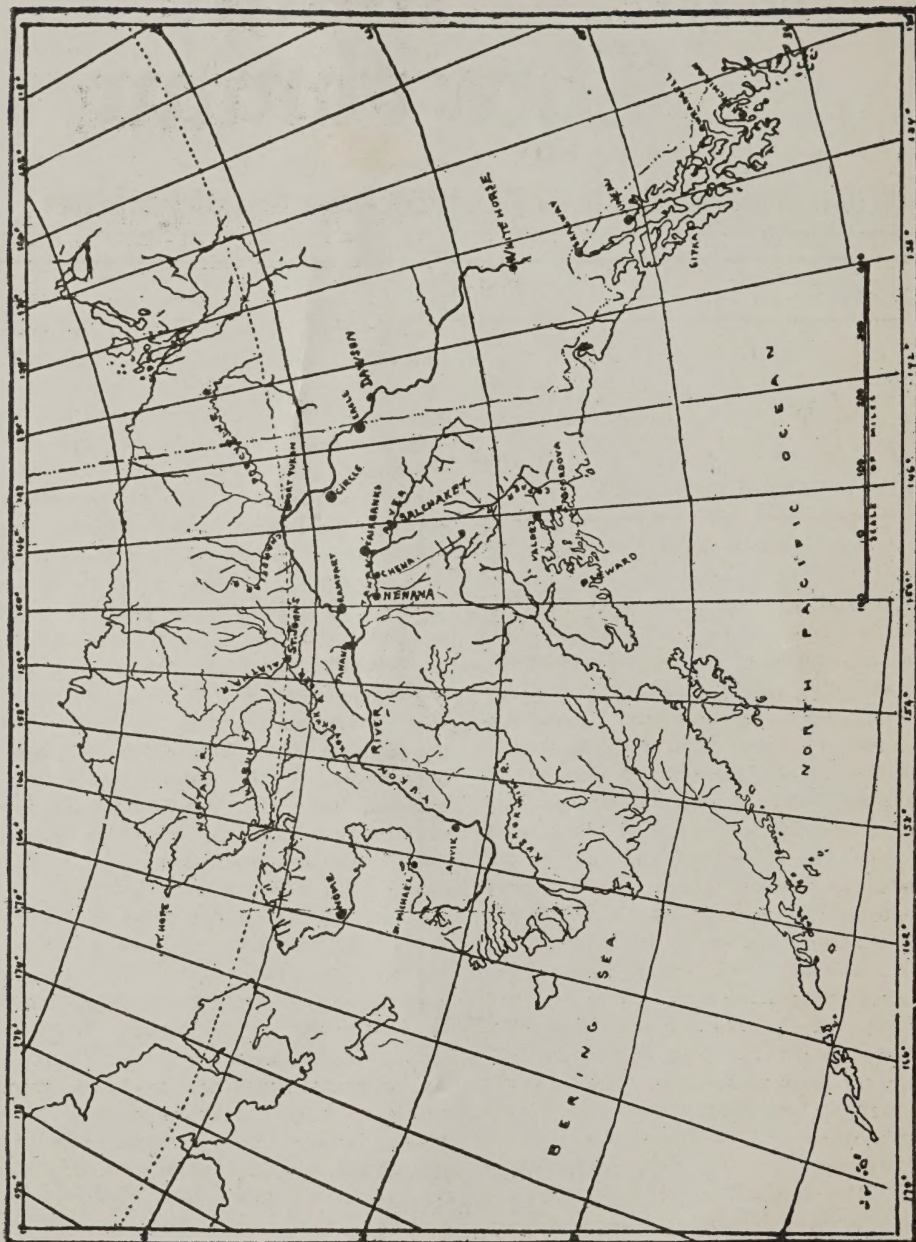
VOL. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1920

NO. 2



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
AT NENANA  
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE  
CHURCH'S WORK IN  
ALASKA.





## The Alaskan Churchman

Published Quarterly at Nenana in the  
Interests of the Church's  
Work in Alaska.

REV. F. B. DRANE  
Editor and Publisher.

**Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year.**

Entered as second-class matter September 9, 1919, at the postoffice at Nenana, Alaska, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

FEBRUARY, 1920

### FISH AGAIN

The population of the Interior of Alaska, both white and native, have Archdeacon Stuck to thank and praise for his able and tireless efforts to stir up indignation against that "iniquitous enterprise" at the mouth of the Yukon. We refer to the cannery of the Carlisle Packing Company, which for the past two years has operated at the mouth of the Yukon River, and which this past year greatly added to the misery caused by a shortage of fish. We will admit that there **was** a shortage of fish. We will also admit that there have been shortages before. There was one in 1917 here on the Tanana River. But even with the shortage of fish in 1917 both the natives and the whites caught enough to tide them over. Those were better times. There was some fur to be caught, and the natives for their part had something to fall back on. But the shortage of this past summer came at a most unfortunate time. There are no rabbits to speak of, and rabbits can be used to support both man and dogs when the fish fail.

Then, besides the lack of rabbits, there is hardly any fur to be caught. Here in this Tanana Valley the situation is acute, and the worst of it is, we have yet to face the break-up time, when there is neither hunting nor fishing to any extent, and when the existence of the natives until the fishing season is and always was hard.

That the cannery was in a large measure responsible for the shortage of salmon, which was so acutely felt on the upper three-fourths of the length of the Yukon, and on its great tributaries, the Koyukuk and the Tanana, cannot be disputed. This too when the Fish Commissioner in his attack on Archdeacon Stuck says that it cannot be "supported by any evidence whatsoever." But ask any white man on the length of the Tanana, and unless he is entirely uninformed or is connected in some way with the interests of the cannery, he will say most positively that the cannery was a cause of privation to both whites and natives dependent on the fish. We have seen shortages before, but we have never seen the time when a large percentage of the salmon were net-marked, and when practically all the salmon that came up the Yukon and its tributaries were undersized. Evidence goes to show that the men fishing for the cannery were so successful in fencing off the run, that about all the fish to reach us on the Tanana were those that broke through the nets, or else were small enough to come through the meshes.

The writer pretends to know from first-hand only conditions here on this great Tanana River, where for the length of at least three hundred of the seven hundred miles the natives, and also many white men, depend on the salmon for their supply of dog feed. I want to say that the WHITE men suffered also, and The Alaskan Churchman is just as much interested



in the welfare of the whites as of the natives. But all along this Tanana River every effort was made to catch fish, but without success. The run of salmon lasted but a few days. Some passing observers on the steamers happened to note the catch of those few days and were saying that there was a good run on, and that the cannery was not interfering at all. But for all the rest of the season, try as the Indians and WHITE men would, they could catch only the very few small salmon, and so many of these would be net-marked. It was sneeringly remarked that one reason the natives were short of fish was that they had not tried to catch them hard enough, and in one case they were at a potlatch through the time of the good run. But while this might be true at one or two places, it was not true on the Tanana River. Here at the Mission at Nenana, where we have one of the best fishing sites on the Tanana, we did not catch enough fish through the summer to feed our children, and we did not have any fish at all to put up for the winter. This is something that has never happened before. For the first time we have had to send out special appeals for additional food.

The cannery may not have stopped ALL the fish, but it stopped more than we could afford to lose, and we feel that we Alaskans, white and native, are more deserving of these fish than the men catching them for commercial greed.

There are on the Tanana River some three hundred and fifty men, women and children of the Indian population who depend on the salmon as a large source of their food supply. And also we of this Mission boarding school depend to a great extent on the salmon. How many white men there are who have made an honest living and made it easier for dog mushers to cover long distances exploring, prospecting and

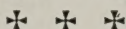
helping to open up this great Interior, we cannot say. But there are too many of us to stand silently by and see our food taken away from us. Another year and the white men or natives will not be willing to shoot their dogs or watch them starve. At the Chena Native Village there is hardly one good dog team left. Here at Nenana there are at least five families stuck and not able to get out to the hunting grounds, because their dogs have all starved. To the Indians this is a very serious state of affairs, because those left in the village must either subsist in a hand-to-mouth way on "white man's grub" (flour, lard, and sugar, occasionally beans and rice), and do without meat, else they must depend on the charity of those who have dog teams with which to haul in the meat killed fifty or sixty miles away.

In his reply to the Archdeacon's statements, and in his criticism of the way the Archdeacon has championed the cause of the Alaskans, the Commissioner of Fisheries, Dr. H. M. Smith, even goes so far as to say that "as an actual fact there is no reason for the natives to be short of fish this winter or any other time." He goes on to say that there are plenty of whitefish to be caught, and that the reason the Indian does not catch them is because he doesn't want to use the greater labor involved. But here is where the Fish Commissioner shows his complete ignorance of the situation, as, for instance, on this Tanana River. True enough, there are some places where whitefish could be caught in large numbers, but only a comparatively few people were able to benefit themselves in this way. Where can the natives from Nenana on to Salchaket catch the whitefish? We of the Mission tried to catch enough for our daily use here at Nenana, and we caught only one or two a day.



If the matter were left to Alaskans to legislate, and not put in the hands of outsiders who are conveniently placed to hear only the side of the money grabbers, then we would have laws which would prevent canneries operating on the Yukon, and all the other rivers of Alaska. Governor Riggs has gone to Washington to advocate this very thing. What happened on the Copper River, when the cannery was allowed to operate there? Well, if this cannery on the Yukon is not removed, the Government will be forced to give us also an Indian agent to feed

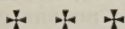
the natives when their catch of fish has failed. Deliver us from being dependents! No, give us laws that will protect Alaska for Alaskans, both white and native, and insure the annual run of salmon to their spawning grounds, up the Yukon, as well as the rest of the rivers of the Interior. Here is hoping the efforts on the part of our Governor, our Delegate to Congress, Archdeacon Stuck, Bishop Rowe, and all others in a position to gain a hearing for us, will be of avail in gaining legislation to prevent canneries from operation on the Yukon or any of our Alaskan rivers.



## NOTES

### ALLAKAKET

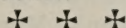
A new stove in the Chapel at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness is giving the missionaries and the natives a great deal of satisfaction. It is the gift of the Womans' Auxiliary of Western Nebraska. Anyone who knows the dilapidated state of the old stove will realize what a blessing and a saving of fuel this new stove means to Miss Ridgeway, Miss Koster, and all who worship at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness.



### CORDOVA

The annual Bazaar was held the evening of December 5th, and of the total of \$460 taken in, \$375 was cleared. This is quite a help toward meeting the expenses of the work at St. George's.

Rev. E. P. Ziegler, the priest-in-charge, says the work is progressing nicely. There is a Sunday School, full of life, "with good teachers who demand knee practice."



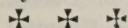
### FAIRBANKS

In spite of the fact that St. Matthew's is vacant, the faithful ones are trying to hold things together until a

new minister can be provided. The Guild held the annual Fair, and it was pronounced by all as a great success. Mr. Charles Beam, the popular and accommodating proprietor of the New Pioneer Hotel, extended the use of the large and comfortable lobby just added. There were the usual Assortment, Novelty, Woolen, and Good Eats booths. A well-attended dance was the conclusion. Something over \$500 was taken in. Of this amount there is ample to pay all outstanding bills against the Church, and to provide for the coming of the new clergyman.

A Christmas Entertainment was given for the children, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. It is estimated that at least 150 children were there to enjoy the annual visit of Santa Claus and take part in the fun.

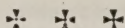
Christmas service was held in the Church the Sunday after Christmas by Rev. Mr. Drane, as the visiting priest. The choir rendered special music, and there was a goodly number out in spite of the fifty below zero weather.



### JUNEAU

At the Cathedral Church, Juneau, a

"teaching mission" was held during the first week in Advent—culmination week of the N.-W. C. Neighborhood prayer-meetings had been held for some weeks. During the mission week, a service of prayer and intercession, with singing, was held, with sermon on the "A B C's" of the Christian religion—such as "The Love of God—and Ours," "The Saver," "The Life-Giver," "The Christian Religion," "The Kingdom," "Means of Grace," "Preparation for Real Living," etc.—all applied to the N.-W. C. On the following Sunday, a re-dedication service took place in the Holy Communion service, and the sermon subject was, "Lovest Thou Me—Prove It—Give." The following week the Every-Member Canvass was made. Increased earnestness and interest was noticeable, and the offerings will be considerably increased. The attendance was good, notwithstanding the icy weather.



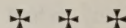
#### FORT YUKON

In addition to the usual Christmas Tree exercises, the children gave a Minstrel Show on Christmas Night. There were twelve black-faced youngsters in the circle and three blacker-faced comedians on the ends, with the usual ornate interlocutor occupying the center. The "book of the play" contained many songs and jokes written for the occasion, and but few of the prominent citizens escaped. As yet, however, no suits have been filed against the company.

On December 26th, Mr. Thomas left for a four months' trip, which is scheduled to include: Beaver, Stephen's Village, Coldfoot, Nolan, Bettles, Allakaket, Shungnak, Tanana, Hot Springs, Rampart, Nenana, Fairbanks, and Circle.

On the first of December every bed in St. Stephen's Hospital was occupied and one patient had to be turned away. The work is progressing splen-

didly in the face of a difficult situation resulting from the unexpected resignation of Miss Nunevillar last September. Tireless effort on the part of Dr. Burke, with invaluable assistance from Miss Dalziel, who has taken upon herself, in addition to her responsibilities as Government teacher, the work of the hospital nurse, promises to set an enviable record in this branch of our work.



#### CIRCLE

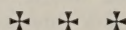
Services for both Whites and Natives were held in the Church of the Heavenly Rest on November 23, by the Rev. W. A. Thomas.



#### NENANA

Miss Effie L. Jackson, of St. Luke's Mission, Salchaket, has joined the staff at St. Mark's. Just after the Christmas holidays she had the misfortune to fall and break her right arm, which put her out of shape for her arduous life at Salchaket. While at Nenana she has taken over the teaching of the school. This releases Miss Fern Rose for assisting with The Alaskan Churchman, and helping Miss Blacknall with her overplus of work. "It is an ill wind that blows no one good," and St. Mark's is decidedly the gainer by this arm breaking.

Miss Alice Wright, formerly in charge at St. Mark's, is still in bed, slowly recovering from burns received last August. She expects to be out within the next month, and will leave for the States on regular furlough as soon as the doctor will permit.



#### KETCHIKAN

Writes a tourist who spent some time visiting St. John's Mission and the School: "Miss Molineaux's work at her native school was a revelation to me of what our Church was doing in Alaska."





## Progress of the Government Railroad as Seen from Anchorage, Alaska

By REV. E. W. HUGHES



THE construction of the Government Railroad was not discontinued during the period of the war as many have been inclined to think. It would have been contrary to our national policy, which was to keep things alive at home while our boys were in the trenches. It would also have been wasteful policy to discontinue a work which had to be carried on at such a great distance from the base of supplies. And further, it would have undoubtedly been a greater expense to the Government to stop and take up again the work, than it would to continue it on a small scale.

On the other hand, there are those who have not seemed to realize that our Nation has been at war and that work on the Railroad has been retarded and carried on at a greater expense because of high cost of materials and labor. Without knowing facts, they have complained, saying that the road should have been completed long before this and that it is costing the Government more than it should.

How far had the Railroad progressed up until the beginning of the war? The writer came to Anchorage, which is the base of construction for the Railroad, just as war was declared by our Nation. At that time construction was in full swing, steel had



of Anchorage on the main line, and only about half of the forty miles of the branch line into the Matanuska coal fields had been completed. South, between Anchorage and Seward, a distance of 115 miles, there was a gap of about thirty miles. This thirty miles was perhaps the slowest and most difficult which the Commission has encountered, as the right-of-way had to be blasted through solid rock.

Let us see what the progress has been. During the period a great deal of work has been done. On the main line north of Anchorage steel has been extended about 75 miles to mile 236, bringing the Railroad less than 100 miles from the pass in that great range of mountains in which Mount McKinley lies. The branch line into the Matanuska coal fields has been completed and 800 to 1,000 tons of coal are being hauled out of the Com-



been laid forty or fifty miles north. The ocean dock at Anchorage had not been begun; in fact, the dredge had not been started, which had practically to be constructed on the ground. And, last of all, the Commission had not taken over the Eska and Chickaloon mines, which was necessary for it to do later, as there was no private company which was able to supply coal in large enough quantities to operate the road.

mission mines weekly. The gap of thirty miles between Seward and Anchorage has also been completed. The southern end of the main line, which was the old Alaska Northern, has been put into running shape. Three mammoth snowsheds and the enlarging of all the tunnels was a part of this work, so now, with the aid of a new rotary plow which is on its way, it is quite possible that there will be regular service between Seward and





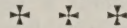
Anchorage during this winter of 1919-1920.

On top of all this, the ocean dock at Anchorage has been finished. Ocean steamers are now able to dock. Up until this time it has been necessary for steamers to anchor in the harbor and have freight taken off by lighters. The building of this new dock has been a difficult piece of engineering, because of the high tide in Cook's Inlet, next to the highest in the world, about 38 feet. The new dock will make it possible for steamers to come into Anchorage during the winter months.

The present plans are to complete the railroad by 1922. One who is not on the ground is unable to know the difficulties which the builders of a trunk line in this great Northland have to encounter. The distance from the source of supplies, the long winters, the importing of labor, mountains, glaciers, and rushing torrents are all

obstacles which have to be conquered. Also appropriations have been irregular and have not come at the best time for construction purposes. Yet with all these obstacles the work has gone steadily on and we are sure that we will see the railroad completed in 1922.

The railroad is opening up a vast expanse of new area. People have come and are coming. The Church is here, but must be prepared to expand with the country. It will be such work as this for which some of the fruits of the Nation-Wide Campaign will be used.



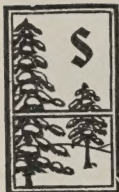
The support of all Alaskan churchmen and women and their friends is asked for the "Bishop Rowe Foundation Fund" of \$100,000. The income from this fund will go to the proper equipment and maintenance of missions in Alaska. Contributions sent through The Alaskan Churchman will be forwarded to the proper headquarters.



# Musings of a Former Sourdough Missionary

By REV. GUY H. MADARA

Formerly Superintendent of the Tanana Valley Mission.



OMETIMES it is hard to exactly define the constituents of the charm of Alaskan life. No one who has ever lived in the great Interior and experienced the open-hearted hospitality and friendliness of the people there resident, will deny the charm; distance may lend its enchantment, but the writer's impression is that the free, hearty life, from which many of the shams and conventions of modern life in East have been eliminated, is the most prominent ingredient in that charm which is so potent. Its influence still exists in the life of at least this one former sourdough. By the way, does loss of residence impair that hardly-won title, so greatly prized by chechakoes at least?

In "Looking Backward," naturally some things stand out in vivid splendor; the great free trails, with their sturdy manhood and courageous womanhood, loom in the writer's vision as did Denali on the trail. But where he stopped once to cast a backward glance at the great mass of snow-topped rock which, cross-crowned, lifts its head above this whole continent, he now looks back a hundred times to the men and women whose friendship was, and is, so precious a possession. And when word comes to him, as word does come now and again, of progress made by one or another, his heart rejoices.

But all the news that comes is not good news. There come, for instance, complaints from the Indians whose entire course of life has been changed by the invasion of the white men, and whose centuries-old traditions do not easily change to meet the new condi-

tions of life. It is a principle of human life that if one race will not develop the resources of the land given into its charge, another race will infallibly come and take possession; so was it with the Indians of the East, who roamed for centuries over the great coal deposits of Pennsylvania or the wheat fields of the Middle West; so will it be with every race, for God does not give His gifts to man to lie fallow; they must be put to use.

But to the white man, with his easily taken change of location, there is but dim understanding of the love of place which centers about the Indians' tradition of Toklat or Tatlanika or Nenana. To them, the woods speak of the past; here is Crow-talk Place; there Dutsinee-nu-truosh-nu-nunkog (the place where ducks are killed in the Spring). To the white man, these places mean nothing. Crow-talk Place is merely a dead tree; Dutsinee-nu-truosh-nu-nunkog is naught by Dead Man's Slough.

A sense of bewilderment comes to the Indians. They are told of the love which their Great Father in Washington has for them, yet they see their hunting and trapping, and now, their fishing ruthlessly invaded, with no consideration for their rights. Among the Indians, hunting grounds are mapped out very definitely; one tribe may not hunt in another's preserve without permission—blood feuds have been begun by the violation of this rule. To them, the latter day conditions make not a condition of life, they make tragedy. The Indians know no other life; they cannot understand how the white man can line the course of a creek with poisoned bait to kill fur-bearing ani-



mals, and call it a trap-line; they cannot understand how the Government can allow other white men to cut off their supply of life at its source, by opening a salmon-canning plant at the mouth of the Yukon, and not only ruin what is an indispensable industry of the white settlers, but starve the Indian. Let those in the Interior, white or Indian, look back at last Summer's catch of salmon, so pitifully small, and, knowing that the Indians' very life depends upon their trapping and hunting and that they must have food for their dog teams or die, say whether that be the way to preserve and uplift a race which has never been a charge upon the Government, but has been self-respecting and independent from the beginning.

Somehow, the writer's life in Alaska divides easily into two separate sections; co-incident in time, but totally distinct in characteristics: his association with the white people, and his association with the Indians.

Nor is this fanciful, overdrawn. The Indian of Alaska, as proud of his race as the white is of his, is looked down upon by every white man because he knows nothing of our civilized (?) ways. But for real social service and neighborly aid, one might well go to the Indian and learn. No orphan asylum or almshouse will ever be required there, for all share what they have in food or raiment with others in need. The difference between the Indian and the white man is fundamental; the Indian is not natural when he is found in the white man's environment; he is at his best out in the hills on his hunting trips.

When the new townsite at Nenana was projected, the writer, with the approval of Bishop Rowe and the unanimous consent of the natives, asked the Government to remove from Nenana the whole Indian population,

with the Mission; asking nothing but that the Government would replace at another, more isolated point, the improvements which had been made. And it was with deep dismay that we learned that the railroad appropriations would not carry the necessary items to bring this removal about. It is with deeper dismay and foreboding that he views the present situation at Nenana.

The new town, which bids fair to be one of the two big towns of that future Alaska which will undoubtedly be, is too close to the Indian for the Indian's good. Nothing but harm will ever come of such close association; the disease and deaths in childhood in the Tanana Indian Village prove this beyond need of discussion. If the railroad and development of the country cost Alaska the sturdy race which has peopled it for centuries, and whose possibilities are as yet unknown, the price will be too high. There is room in plenty for both races; let them be separated, not mixed.

Among many white people the question has been raised as to the advisability of missions to the Alaskan native. Explorer Stefansson pleaded urgently—but vainly—that his newly discovered tribe of blonde Eskimos be left alone. Yet, already there are at least two trading posts established in their district. Is civilization to have as spokesman, only the trader, who ordinarily is not at all concerned with spiritual things? If the material be all-important, the Missions in Alaska might as well be wiped out. But the same principle would, at the same time, wipe out every Church in existence. The voice of the world speaks thunderingly when it says that spiritual things must come first; the mistake Mr. Stefansson and others who think with him make, is in deciding a question on a half-truth. The trader has opportunity to develop providence for

the future among the Indians and Eskimos, but the greatest gift civilization can give to any heathen people is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Nor is the mission the forerunner of the trader; in too many places it has been found necessary to try to undo the harm already done when the mission comes in.

Of course, no work of this character is easy; it takes years of intensified training to develop a child to take place in the world; it takes more to develop a race; yet that is the aim of the Mission.

There must be equipment to do the work, but most of all, there must be consecrated workers to carry it on.

It is for the Church at home to furnish both; just as the armies sent across to France and Belgium from the United States required a constant stream of food and supplies, so does the Church army require buildings in which to work, food and clothing for the workers, and supplies for the work. We who furnished so large an amount of supplies to deal death in Europe—shall we now flinch at the task of furnishing supplies to bring life to those who have come for the first time into the light of the Gospel?

The prime necessity is to have workers, consecrated and efficient. Consecration is placed first, for without it, the drudgery and loneliness of the Arctic proves too much for the individual who may be the only white person within hundreds of miles. The Lord sent out His first disciples two by two; God grant the time may come when the Church may be able to overcome the present paucity of workers and supplies and send out Her workers likewise. Let the call to the Mission field come by word of mouth to every Divinity School student; to every Deaconess Training School scholar; let the work not be unduly brightened in the portrayal, and the very call to

sacrifice which is entailed will bring offerings that will fill the needs. It is work in fundamentals; the writer is sure that it will bring more spiritual benefit to the worker than to the native, for it will bring thinking down to bedrock, and cause heart-searching thinking which cannot fail to ground one's faith upon the rock of God's love for man. It is just as necessary to know how to scrub a floor and bathe an infant, as to prove the unproveable Trinity. But the missionary finds God in everything, whether it be in model house-keeping as an example to the native, or in Christian living and preaching.

The second essential, efficiency, is hard to define. The writer's thoughts go back to his first Winter on the Tanana, when, among a people who not only spoke a different language, but thought along different lines, he found himself at times bewildered, unable to understand. His mistakes were not few; ignorance of tongue and of people could not make it otherwise. Yet there are bright spots in even that darker period of his ministry among the natives. But to speak of efficiency, means to speak of many years of work, each one enlightened by the experience of the past years; each one lived in closer touch with those among whom one serves. Ah, how many times since has his heart turned in prayer and loving affection to those dark-skinned children at Nenana, or those friendly Indians who gathered that first Christmas and among whom five happy years were spent! Their letters still come to him, ill-written and mis-spelled; yet bringing joy as he sees evidence that they are progressing with the years, beyond anything that he was able to do with them, or for them.

The days on the trail, with their stiff muscles and weary miles; the pack on the back with its weight; all fade into insignificance beyond the memory



of the nights spent in their tents when every person in the camp was present to hear the Word of God preached; the long miles on the Tanana in canoe, watchfully covered for fear of sweeper or whirlpool, are gone in memory of happiness brought to fishing-camp or village by the teachings of the Church.

One must close. Chief Charlie once said that he thought too much was expected of the Indian, and in the picturesque Indian way, said that when a missionary came to his village, he talked "that long," and held his hands widely apart. The Indian could remember only a little,—he held his hands about six inches apart. But he thought if the missionary would talk this much—and he held his hands about eighteen inches apart—he thought the Indian would remember this much—about sixteen inches! That lesson has never been forgotten by this Sourdough Missionary, and possibly his congregation in the East owes thanks to Chief Charlie, for he believes in short sermons, and will to the end!

This article must close, else what is said may be forgotten. It is but the musings of one who has been there, and often has a thrill of homesickness and desire to be there again. In the press of parish work, with every minute weighted with two minutes' work, the great trails and the long canoe trips; the long nights in Winter and long days in Summer seem inviting, for they gave opportunity to think out knotty problems; the making of Christians out of material which is not Christian, the elevation of a race which is down—but, as the Salvation Army puts it, never out—seems a task worthy of the best and highest in the land. God grant that this work may be found worthy of more support, and of the best workers the Church can send out. Then may the country look with satisfaction to its treatment of the Alaskan Indian, and not have for future generations to puzzle over, a record of injustice and neglect such as fills the history of the American Indian in general.



## "Public Opinion"

Collected for The Alaskan Churchman by Mrs. C. H. Clegg.



HE call Rev. and Mrs. Lumpkin made at the Manse soon after our arrival at Fairbanks began the continued cordial relation in which we were very happy. Mutual confidence and understanding grew until as two partners care for the diverging items of one business we met needs here. This continued until the outgoing river-boat all too quickly bore these beloved people from us.

We found Mr. Lumpkin a genial comrade, a wise councillor, an able preacher. Mrs. Lumpkin, of gentle ministry, ready sympathy, successfully

met the parish needs. The calls made upon them publicly were as capably met as were the details of their own work.

We love Alaska, believe in her future growth, prospects and importance, plainly see the dawn of a day of largest opportunities. It was good to have Rev. and Mrs. Lumpkin labor here. They are of the kind to help Alaska into her own. Conditions changing so as to warrant it, we would welcome them back so gladly. As it is, our prayers and interest follow them.

Rev. Wallace Sutton,  
and Mrs. Marple.

One of America's most dearly bought lessons during the late war was the vital necessity of training the foreigner within our gates in the principles and duties of citizenship. To that end provision was made by the Territorial Legislature of Alaska for the establishment of citizenship night schools in which aliens from whatever land they come might be transformed into loyal Americans. To the introduction of this work in Fairbanks, the Reverend H. H. Lumpkin gave his enthusiastic support. He was its first instructor, and to his zeal and untiring efforts are due its initial success. Eleven different nationalities were represented in his classes of twenty students, and out of these twenty, twelve have already become citizens or have signified their intention of becoming such. This showing is the more remarkable when it is known that only one of the entire number is an American by birth.

A little leaven leaveneth the entire lump, and the influence of these newly made Americans in their families and among their compatriots no man can measure. It is better to set ten men to work than to do the work of ten men, has often been said; but Mr. Lumpkin has done both during his stay in Fairbanks, and his far-reaching efforts in this and other undertakings for civic betterment have endeared him to our entire community no less than to his own church people.

Henrietta A. Mirick,

Superintendent Fairbanks Public  
Schools.

January 20, 1920.

✱ ✱ ✱

I am indeed happy to be accorded the opportunity of saying a few words in behalf of our former townsman and neighbor, the Reverend H. H. Lumpkin.

In my official work as District Attorney I very frequently called upon the Reverend Mr. Lumpkin for advice

and assistance during a period of more than four years, sometimes in very delicate and sacred matters. I wish to acknowledge the great assistance that he always rendered me and his generous, untiring efforts and his wise counsel in all matters that affected the welfare of the people in general and the trying problems that affected some people in particular. I consider him a true minister of the gospel and a most worthy and able disciple of the great Master. He has proven to me time and again that his heart is as tender as the most delicate flower and his soul is all-embracing and that he is endowed with clear vision that will surely make him a true leader in whatever walk of life God in His wisdom will be pleased to place him. He is capable of the greatest work and it is my sincerest hope that the opportunity will present itself to him for such work.

It seemed to me that he knew the environment, disposition, characteristics and manner of thought of every child in this community, and he loved them all, and the greatest thing that can be said in his favor is that every child knew and loved him.

I consider that the Reverend Lumpkin did more real good in the town of Fairbanks than any other man that ever lived in it.

R. F. Roth,

United States Attorney,  
Fourth Division, Alaska.

✱ ✱ ✱

Rev. Henry Hope Lumpkin was a "Four Minute Man" at Fairbanks, Alaska, during the time the United States participated in the World War. I am convinced that no "Four Minute Man" in Alaska—or, for that matter, in any of the States—rendered more effective service than Mr. Lumpkin. He was and is intensely loyal and patriotic; an eloquent and forceful speaker; and the messages he delivered to the people were the more convincing



by reason of the fact that his hearers could not but sense the deep sincerity of the speaker.

The wonderful patriotic record of the people of Fairbanks is attributable in no small degree to the influence of Mr. Lumpkin, who was always in demand as a speaker at the many patriotic public meetings held here during the progress of the war.

He never shirked an assignment or failed to arouse the most intense enthusiasm by his talks. He was a tower

of strength in educating the people and in the making of Interior Alaska "One Hundred Percent American," and I am most thankful for having an opportunity to publicly express my appreciation of the splendid service rendered by him. He is modest, lovable, tolerant and fierily eloquent patriotic AMERICAN.

John A. Clark,

Formerly Divisional Chairman of Four Minute Men for the Fourth Division of Alaska.



MR. LUMPKIN AND THE CHOIR

#### As Minister of the Church and Preacher of the Gospel.

The white residents of Alaska, it may be frankly stated, whatever their other faults or virtues, are not remarkable as church-goers, nor is religion a "live issue" among our people; so the work of a minister of the Church in Alaska is carried on under circumstances, and in an environment, that cannot be called encouraging; and such a man needs necessarily be of a large and abiding faith, and boundless charity, to be in any measure successful.

It is just these particular qualities that so specially stand out in the Rev. H. H. Lumpkin, and which bring him the genuine admiration and respect of the people here, among whom he has ministered for the past five years at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church.

The writer of this claims to have been one of the most regular attendants at St. Matthew's during Mr. Lumpkin's ministry, and so feels qualified to pronounce an opinion on his work as priest and preacher.

In his conduct of the services of the Church, Mr. Lumpkin is reverent



Ready for the Trail.

and impressive, so that the well-known words of the Prayer Book have an ever-fresh appeal for those who kneel before the Altar of God in reverence and prayerful spirit; and even the casual visitor at such services cannot fail to be impressed with the sincerity and faith of the man.

As a preacher Mr. Lumpkin is eloquent and interesting, above the average. His sermons are thoughtful and to the point, and seldom fail to give the listener food for reflection, or encouragement to persevere in good works, which is, I take it, the true object of a sermon.

Mr. Lumpkin is the fortunate possessor of a good voice, and has a

proper appreciation of the value of sacred music as a part of the church service; and the assistance of his voice as a leader in the choir at St. Matthew's gave this part of the service a special heartiness.

As a general and brief appraisal of Mr. Lumpkin as priest and preacher, I may say from my personal experience I found him helpful; and from my observation of his efforts to bring the children of non-church-goers under the influence of Christian teaching by getting them to attend Sunday School, he exemplified the spirit of the Master whom he serves. To all in trouble of body or spirit in this community, no matter what their faith or manner of living, he was ever ready to lend help and encouragement, with a charity that apparently could think no evil of anyone; and it has sometimes struck me that if all men who professed the Christian faith were possessed of the same large spirit of charity, the schisms that have in the past so pitifully divided the Church and hindered its work, would be brought to an end, and the Church again move forward in its true mission as a soul-saving agency, and as a beacon-light in a dark and sorrowful world.

George Preston,  
Resident Agent, Northern Commercial Company.



#### As Prominent in Masonic Circles.

On Mr. Lumpkin's arrival in Fairbanks in 1914 he put himself in communication with the Masonic Bodies, being at that time a member of the Blue Lodge and Chapter, and immediately took an active interest in the Craft.

For some years he was Chaplain of the Blue Lodge, and in the Chapter he filled successively the offices of Principal Sojourner, Captain of the Host, King, and Excellent High Priest.





**Past Commander  
Alaska Commandery No. 1.**

He received the orders of Knighthood in Alaska Commandery No. 1 and served that organization as Excellent Prelate, Generalissimo, and Eminent Commander. Whatever station he was called upon to fill, he filled admirably and to the great satisfaction of his brethren. One of the outstanding evenings of Templarism in the writer's experience was the occasion on which our late Brother, Sidney

Stewart, received the Order of the Temple, with Mr. Lumpkin acting as Excellent Prelate; never before, nor since, has that part of the work been done with such appealing force and eloquence; and the poem he recited at its conclusion made a deep and lasting impression on the minds of all those fortunate enough to be present.

In the lighter side of Masonry, at its social gatherings and banquets, he was the life and soul of the parties, ready to assist in the entertainment of the brethren and guests, always there with quip and jest and a good story, and even if the story was against himself, he enjoyed telling it just the same.

Brother Lumpkin endeared himself to every Mason in the Interior of Alaska, and he was deservedly popular with the people at large. He took an active interest in all the patriotic movements, and was always called upon to speak at the public meetings, where his eloquence and robust Americanism helped materially to arouse the sense of public duty in the hearts of his listeners. We feel that he was one of us and one with us, and that we shall ne'er see his like again.

The writer knows that he voices the sentiment of every member of the Fraternity in this "Far North" in expressing the deepest regret that Mr. Lumpkin has left us, and we heartily wish him the fullest measure of success wherever he is called.

Robt. W. Taylor,  
P. M. Tanana Lodge No. 162; P. H. P.  
Fairbanks Chapter No. 1, R. A. M.;  
P. E. C. Alaska Commandery No. 1.



Of all Rev. H. H. Lumpkin's work in Fairbanks, probably that which endeared him to the entire town was his endeavor to make life interesting and helpful for the youth of the community. This was demonstrated particularly by his handling of the Boy Scouts



MR. LUMPKIN AS A MAN OF THE  
OUT-OF-DOORS.

and in his organizing the boys to take part in the Liberty Loan drives during the war.

Soon after his arrival, Mr. Lumpkin organized and became Scout Leader of the Fairbanks troop of Boy Scouts, and at once the interest in that body began to increase. Mr. Lumpkin added new ideas to the work, gave the boys all the experience he had gained in handling youngsters in the States, and it may be said, fairly put the organization on its feet. Annual encampments were held, Mr. Lumpkin taking

the boys up the Big Chena each summer, teaching them to swim and to enjoy outdoor life to the fullest extent. In town, he encouraged athletics and gymnastics for the boys, and under his guiding hand several public performances of no mean merit were given by the Scout Troop.

The work above all others which the Scouts performed under Mr. Lumpkin's leadership was their sale of Liberty Bonds. The Liberty Chorus, organized and conducted under his direction, helped to arouse enthusiasm.



Every Scout was encouraged by Mr. Lumpkin to take out bonds for himself, and then every boy got out and sold as many as possible. Rivalry was incited by the giving of Scout Medals, and the young boys of the town made an enviable record, particularly in the Third Loan, when they sold over sixty-seven thousand dollars' worth of bonds.

The boys miss Mr. Lumpkin since his departure; their parents miss that friendly spirit of co-operation with the Scout Master which they were assured of with Mr. Lumpkin, and his place in the youthful hearts of the community will remain unfilled while the memory of boyhood days lingers with them.

T. H. Deal,

Postmaster, Fairbanks.

✠ ✠ ✠

My impressions of Hope Lumpkin?  
SOME man!

Not all who cry "Alaska! Alaska!" shall enter into the kingdom of the Alaskan heart—your Church has exemplified that. Those Churchmen of yours who have advertised and are so extensively advertised themselves as Alaska Churchmen never have and never can win the place HOPE LUMPKIN occupies in the heart of real Alaskans; and he won it by personal worth, by being just his natural self, and not by publicity. He used to tell us that his dear old mother had her doubts about his Church future, because she did not consider that he was as "ethical" as he should be; yet that is the quality which won this camp to him. Wherever sickness or trouble was, there you would find him, and he beat all others to it. The man who needed help spiritual or physical might

never have entered his or any other church; might be Catholic or Jew, Mormon or Gentile—Hope didn't distinguish between them; he only saw the need and went out of his way to peddle a little sunshine and comfort where they were most needed. And the boys—the generation which will be the true salvation of Alaska—he was "with" them every hour, and no man who ever lived has done more good for the youth of Fairbanks, the Hope of Alaska, than Hope.

Hope Lumpkin is a man you don't like to write your impressions of. You KNOW, and HE knows—that feeling seems sacred between you. He knows, but he wouldn't tell, or write about it. You know, and while you are not ashamed to tell, you feel that you are "unethical" when you try to explain your feeling in the matter. The Bishop, the Archdeacon and the Dignitaries of the Church, could THEY ever get this letter from me? Not on your life! Only some earnest woman, seeking to drag from its source anything and everything which will "stand up" for her deep respect for one of the best men she ever knew, could produce any such result.

W. F. Thompson,

Editor and Publisher, Daily News-Miner, Fairbanks.

✠ ✠ ✠

A MAN among his fellows; his wife a fitting mate; service, kindliness, charity—that charity of the heart that finds good in everyone—that is the Henry Hope Lumpkin that Fairbanks knows.

John Gross,

Metallurgist, U. S. Bureau of Mines.

✠ ✠ ✠

### Mrs. Lumpkin—A Sketch

Much has been written and very much more said about 'the Lumpkins'—but the half has not been, and never will be, told. The family was

so much a part of our community, entering whole-heartedly into the lives of our people, that words fail to convey an adequate idea of the BLANK

created by their leaving.

Perhaps Mr. Lumpkin came into closer touch with more types of men and women than is usual. This Northland is so cosmopolitan. To one and all he radiated something better, higher, nobler.

BUT if he had not been helped, encouraged and inspired by his loyal, self-sacrificing wife, much of his ministry would have been less fine. Mrs. Lumpkin was not fitted physically to

for little folks to be outdoors. There are no bright, airy nurseries where the children can run riot to their hearts' content. A mother's ingenuity is taxed to the utmost to keep the family in tune and provide amusements suitable. Our Mrs. Lumpkin proved herself equal to all of this. No one in Fairbanks had more child knowledge or used it more intelligently. The Rectory living room was filled daily with tiny tots from all over the neighborhood, who



MRS. LUMPKIN AND THE BOYS

brave the storms and hardships of the trail when she would have liked to accompany her husband on his trips to the different mission stations. Besides, three small boys (one born in Fairbanks), each possessing strong individuality and each showing an unusual share of "temperament," kept mind, hands and feet busy—early and late.

Mothers in the States cannot grasp or realize the difficulties of the HOME situation here, especially during the short winter days, when it is too cold

listened wide-eyed to the stories Mrs. Lumpkin could tell so vividly—or watched eagerly while a little white "wabbit" was being made by her clever fingers. Seemed as if all flying things and all animals that ever entered the Ark had been studied by Mrs. Lumpkin, for she was always able to produce the particular species called for.

How many "surprise" packages for mothers were lovingly fixed up by her for the little ones—and many grown-ups as well got help. Christmas and



Easter were times long to be remembered. And the VALENTINES! The mystery and importance attached to the little missives which Mrs. Lumpkin had designed for the boys—and helped to color! The box of water colors was often in use—and she was no mean artist. The “quiet play” (usually when “Daddy” was busy in his study) was varied by glorious times when daring cowboy deeds were enacted, wild Indian raids (always in costume) made, and important battles lost and won. No matter what pressed, Mother came willingly when called to see an exciting finish, occasionally to render first aid to the injured. Her wonderful knowledge of childish ailments made Mrs. Lumpkin an invaluable advisor and comforter to many anxious mothers. Her rare and ever-ready sympathy was intensely practical, for she always found time to prepare some appetizing dish to carry to the sufferer.

Mrs. Lumpkin was a true helpmeet in all that Mr. Lumpkin's work entailed. No task was too hard for her to attempt if it eased the burden of those dear to her. Whether it was getting up a hurried meal for an unexpected guest, taking a class in the

Sunday School at a moment's notice, presiding at the organ or playing her husband's accompaniment (as no one else could!)—her dauntless spirit carried her through. Eventually she took over the Primary Department of the Sunday School.

Socially, Mrs. Lumpkin just SPARKLED. The occasions were all too few when household cares could be forgotten. She fitted in everywhere. The younger set never tired of listening to the tales of her girlhood and college days; and a hostess was assured of a successful party if the “Lady of the Rectory” were present. Her manner of telling Southern stories captivated her audience.

In the home, when evening came, it was a rare privilege to be present as the boys clustered round mother for the Bedtime Story. The finest things are just too sacred to be written \* \* \*. When “Daddy” joined the group, the day's trials were forgotten—life was COMPLETE!

Mrs. Lumpkin was wife and mother first. In her case the terms are inseparable, for Daddy was the biggest BOY of all.

Eva Montgomery McGown.



## An Alaskan Wedding

ANONYMOUS



T was crisp and dark that Monday morning in early March, when Philip Langdon built the fire in his little kitchen which adjoined the Mission. The train which he was to take to one of the Mission stations where he was to hold service that evening, was to leave at eight-thirty. When he had finished breakfast and packed his grip it was a quarter past eight. By going a back

way, he could have walked to the station in ten minutes, but he was very anxious to go thru the center of town. There was no time to be lost.

During the winter in an Alaskan town streets are very much deserted at that time in the morning. But as the young missionary approached the post office corner he saw Martha Ellis coming down the walk on her way to the school.

“Good morning, Philip,” she said, when they met; “I thot I would miss

you. Aren't you afraid you will miss your train?"

"No, I have plenty of time. I have made it in less time than this before."

"I heard that the mail got thru over the trail last night. What did you hear from the Bishop?"

"What do you think, Martha; he says he will not be here for Palm Sunday, but will be here for Easter instead. Won't that be fine? We can have the Confirmation Easter Monday and then the next day our wedding."

"That will work out fine, won't it? Well, you must hurry or you will miss your train. This is such a clear beautiful day I should like to be going along. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Martha."

They had been engaged since the first day of January, and that morning Philip walked with a lighter step as he realized that the long Alaskan winter was drawing to a close and that the coming of spring would mean a new happiness for him. What a help and inspiration Martha would be to him in the task which was his on this edge of the frontier.

Just as Philip boarded the coach he heard the conductor call his usual "All aboard," and the train moved slowly into the yards where it was to take on some coal cars. The Government railroad was still in its construction days and consequently passengers were a secondary consideration. In that train there was a caboose, a passenger coach, a horse car, a box car, and a long string of empty coal cars. Notwithstanding all this and the train's slowness, there was much to occupy the traveler's mind. Inside there were many interesting people, prospectors, gold and coal miners, and one or two natives. Some of these Philip knew, and others he had not seen before; but on the whole they were a sociable and friendly lot. On the outside, on the right, the train was

following a long range of mountains; and on the left there were occasional glimpses of the Irlet, but grandest of all, over a hundred miles away, in all their majesty, could be seen the great white peaks of McKinley and Foraker.

The service that night was at a mining camp, where a tent building was used as a church, and as there was a fairly good number out, Philip went to sleep that night feeling encouraged. But by this time he had learned not to rate the results of his work by numbers, for the Missionary's task is quite uncertain. It would be quite possible the next time he visited this field to find that the congregation had gone elsewhere.

The next morning he took the train home, and that evening went to see Martha at her brother-in-law's, to talk over coming events.

During those busy days of Lent the time flew and Easter was almost upon them before they realized it. On the morning of the Tuesday before Easter Philip heard a knock at his door. The boy from the telegraph office had come with a telegram from the Bishop which said that the steamer he was to have taken was so crowded that he was not able to get aboard, and that he would come and leave on the next steamer, which was due the Wednesday after Easter.

This was a blow, and how disappointed Martha would be. The plans would all have to be changed. At the noon hour Philip called Martha over the 'phone.

"This is Philip. I have some bad news. The Bishop was unable to get on his steamer. It was too crowded. The worst of it is, when he does come, he will be here only while the steamer is in port."

"What are we to do, Philip? We will have to make our plans all over again."

"I am afraid we will, and how dis-



appointed every one will be not to have the Bishop here for the Easter service. Well, we must remember that we are living in Alaska."

That evening, after the service, Martha and Philip tried to make their new plans.

"If the steamer comes in the middle of the night," said Martha, "our wedding will be romantic if nothing else. And Sister has made plans for a reception; how are we going to crowd

some kind, for I think we both need the rest after these strenuous days. If the steamer will only come in on Thursday we can take the Friday's train and go for a little trip into the mountains."

Easter came with all that the Day means. The Mission Church was filled to capacity both at the morning and afternoon services. Philip and Martha felt that the joys of that day were heralds of joys to come.



THE STEAMER IN DOCK

it all in? There is the Confirmation service, too. How are we going to crowd it in? I think we had better give up the reception, don't you? But Sister will be so disappointed."

"Well, we must have everything ready. I suppose Mary could issue sort of verbal invitations and then telephone the exact time of the reception when the steamer arrives. Now, I do wish we could take a trip of

The next few days were more than busy for every one concerned. Philip and Jack Summers, Martha's brother-in-law, kept in touch with the wireless to know the whereabouts of the steamer. The Ladies' Guild of the Mission were busy getting the Church decorated, and Martha and Mary were finishing clothes and getting ready for the reception. By Wednesday the steamer was near enough so that the

agent was able to determine the time of its arrival. It would not get into port until the early afternoon of Friday. This meant that there would be no trip into the mountains. But it was not until Friday morning itself that the wireless man was able to get in touch with the captain of the ship and find out from him how long she would be in port. The verdict was, that she would arrive in port at two o'clock and passengers must be on board at five. Three hours for a Confirmation Service, a wedding, and a reception; could it be done? It must be done. The Confirmation Service was set for three-thirty, the wedding for five, and the reception for five-thirty. As the tide regulated the time for the passengers to go aboard, it was found out that the Bishop could be gotten back on board at five-thirty by taking a small boat.

That same morning Philip went over to the office of the chief engineer of that division of the railroad to see whether or not it would be possible to get back if they should decide to take the steamer to the next port south.

"I am sorry, Mr. Langdon, but there are immense snowslides which have come down over the road and make it impossible to get over; but why don't you go to C—— and catch the steamer back?"

"Yes, that does sound good. I will go back and see what Miss Ellis thinks of it."

Martha fell in with the plan immediately and that she could get ready in time. It was now ten o'clock and many things would have to be done before five-thirty.

About one o'clock the steamer was sighted and Philip, with Jack and Mary Summers, rushed down to get on board. Jack and Mary were to meet Martha and Mary's mother, who had come over two thousand miles for

the wedding. They were about the first on board, and, sure enough, there were Mrs. Ellis and the Bishop waiting for them. The steamer seemed to have some difficulty in getting anchored, but finally made it. As they were all going ashore, Philip said, "Bishop, we are planning on going back with you as far as C——."

"That is just what I was going to suggest."

By taking a Ford taxi they were able to pick up Martha and get to the Church in time for the Confirmation service. Four received the blessing of the Laying on of Hands at that little afternoon service, and the Bishop, with his usual simplicity, impressed upon them the true meaning of the step which they had taken.

After the Confirmation Service there was barely an hour for the bride and groom to go to their homes and dress for the wedding. They both, however, returned on time and Martha started from the left transept door on the arm of Jack Summers at the appointed hour. When Philip, coming from the Vestry door, met her in front of the Chancel, the Bishop began the time-honored Prayer Book Service which has grown so dear to all who know it.

When the blessing had been pronounced, Philip and Martha started slowly down the center aisle and out the front door, where there was a machine waiting to take them and the Bishop to the Summers's, where the reception was to be held. But alas! they would not be able to remain more than ten minutes, because the officer at the dock had said "the tide would wait for no man" and all must be there by five-thirty. So, after saying "Good-bye" to the few who had arrived for the reception, they were off for the steamer, meeting most of the guests on the way. Who ever heard of a wedding reception without the bride and groom?



# Impressions of a Cheechaco

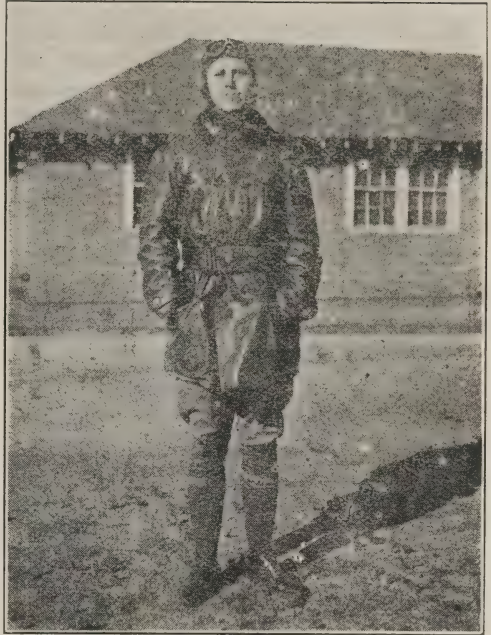
By BURGESS WOOD GAITHER



VERWHELMED by the magnificence, the stupendous grandeur of Nature's most lavish display, in this her great storehouse of rarest gems and fairest, most charming beauty, I am a silent worshipper at her gracious shrine, loving her more every passing day and drinking in with an unappeasable thirst the peace she pours out on the tired and distracted spirit of man, and imbibing new vigor and a refreshed spirit from her healing ministrations. Torn and weary, the inner man emerged from the army life, satiated with the frivolity, glutted with the blase feeling which resulted from boredom, and sickened by the sight and sound of sin, I have found in Alaska the tonic to nerve and spirit, the soothing calm and sweet peacefulness I craved.

The airplane surely will perform a great service in the development of Alaska. Landing fields are a minus quantity in this part of the country, or more properly, I should have said sites for landing fields, but I understand that there is "plenty of room" farther down the river. With the development of aircraft, too, we may expect to find them landing in much more restricted spaces, as time goes on. In fact, the helicopter, it is prophesied, will, before very long, be making vertical landings and "take offs." Wish I had one up here in the mountains! Flying has its hold still upon me. Once you've flown your own ship (of course, Uncle Sam owned the ship), I believe you will never shake off the enchanting, fascinating spell. "He who flies and runs away, will live to fly another day."

Nature! It is grand! It is glori-



Mr. Gaither at Fort Worth, Texas.

ous! But the grander part of Nature is Human Nature. I came not to run away from a fevered world and a humanity feeling its way about, as in darkness, for a clearing of old differences and old, bunglesome ideals. I came to fit myself better to stand by and to carry on in the great undertaking. I came to be, with God's help, a minister to mankind. And this brings me to the most delightful topic of all, viz., that of People—"jest folks."

I was informed by tourists, and perhaps others, that the Indians were dying off or "passing." This idea had been pretty thoroughly drummed into me by the time I landed here. Can you imagine how great a revulsion of feeling I underwent when I first saw Old Simon, Blind Kate and Old Liza, all

three of whom doubtless were eye witnesses, away back yonder, to the discovery of America? They are still holding on and carrying on, too, when the "chow" comes around.

I found most encouraging signs of new life in the village. To see the splendid, healthy, bright-eyed, handsome babies so patiently nodding or smiling to me during the long services, held fast, as they are, in slings on their mothers' backs, or to see the same fine, bouncing youngsters crawling about on the cabin floors and sometimes out in the snow,—this would inspire anyone. There is a great joy in any work so long as it holds a future. My heart is with these people in their troubles, triumphs, their joys and their sorrows; but it is especially with their children.

I am glad to teach their school, though it makes the days fly past like hours and takes away all chance for recreational employment. It is the greatest service I can render them, and it is in return the source of the

most pleasure in life to me. The attendance is excellent and the enthusiasm most gratifying.

The white people of Eagle have been most considerate. 'Tis the men that make a country; and I see in the men I have met and become to know, the real halo of romance and the cause of the deserved fame of this great Alaska. There are women here, most hospitable, most kind, most helpful. Thank God for them. And there are children, ten in number. I never want to live where there are no children. Life holds no greater pleasure for me than that of romping and laughing with children, as well as giving them the groundwork of their religious belief.

Never have I more gladly undertaken any work than the ministry that our great Bishop Rowe has entrusted to me. And if there be such a thing as Fate or Fortune and it should order me elsewhere, away from your wonderful land and the lovable, admirable people who possess it, I would go with a heart heavy with sorrow and with footsteps loath to leave.



## "And I Love It All"

By MYRTLE ROSE



OW different this country is from our impressions before we came, and the impressions of most of our friends "outside," especially those living in the East and South of "the States."

They told us wild tales of the cold, of the darkness, of the dried fish we would eat, or starve by not eating, and I haven't tasted any,—really haven't seen any since I "landed" to stay. To be sure, there were a few fish camps here and there along the Yukon as we came in, with a few salmon drying in the sun—but so few,

why, even then the dogs looked hungry; no wonder, the poor things are so "skinny" now.

Every one said, "With such long, dark evenings and no place to go, you will have plenty of time to write us each a long letter very often. Poor thing; I certainly think you are foolish. Why on earth do you want to go to that cold, frozen country?"

Ocasionaly a venturesome spirit would say, "Good for you; I wish I were going with you," and then you felt a little more cheerful inside and the cold didn't seem quite so cold or



the dark days quite so black and lonely.

It was a real relief and revelation to see the wonderful, sturdy, cheery flowers everywhere in Dawson, and to live in real sunlight and not be cold, and in September, too, and then to realize that everywhere there were birch trees, wild rose bushes, raspberries, cranberries, and it warm long enough for them to live and grow.

Besides the joys of finding growing green things everywhere, just beginning to put on "their dresses of red and gold," and finding plenty of sunlight, there was the clear blue sky, the wonderful sunrises (if you got up early enough to see them) and sunsets, big clear stars at night, and a wonderful silvery moonlight when the moon felt inclined to shine.

The days are darker now, and the trees are bare and grey, snow is everywhere. To be sure, the river is frozen and we do go snowshoeing and for an occasional ride behind a dog team—but the days pass quickly; they always do anyway when one is busy and enjoys their work. There are no long lonely evenings. If they do seem so, there is always the piano waiting to be played, the victrola with the grand opera and popular airs; just close your eyes and you can see its stage settings and have a lovely evening living in imagination. No day is too cold, so far this first winter, to go for a walk thru the woods, over the wood trail across the river, or if need be to the "white man's town," and the colder it is the better one feels, unless, of course, the furnace fire goes out during the night and you happen to be the first one up in the morning.

No—they can say their queer imaginings and fancy their own pictures of Alaska—but I like mine best—those that have come during my first five

months in the white and frozen Northland. I love it—cold and loneliness and all. I may change my mind, of course, when the mosquitoes come, you who have been here long may say; but I like the vast clear expanse of sky, the wonderful northern lights, the quiet and peace of the spruce and the birch, the weird howls of the "witch dog" and all the other village dogs. It is a wonderfully refreshing contrast to the noise, the rush, the smoke, the tiny



The Misses Rose at Nenana.

scrap of sky above high buildings, the growing unrest of the cities in "the States," and I am glad, glad, glad to live and breathe clean, pure air, to feel a response to big, vast, strong things this country inspires in those who will listen, and I shall never regret coming to Alaska—it has meant and I am certain will ever mean much to me.

## "I Am Glad I Came"

By FERN ROSE



WHEN Sister Myrtle first said she was coming to Alaska I began to want to come too. Really, I did not stop to consider the work she was going to do there, but I was sure that there would be something for me to do also. So finally, when Sister said that I could come, I began to get ready. School was over by the middle of June, and by the middle of July Myrtle was home from her training in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and this gave us only one short month in which to do our sewing and shopping.

To tell the truth, I did not know I was going to Alaska to be a missionary. Myrtle had mentioned the Mission, but I had not stopped to think what that meant. In the West we always feel at home wherever we happen to be, or whatever we are doing. So Alaska had no fears for me. Myrtle wanted me, and I wanted to go, and so was willing to go at my own expense, being quite sure there would be something for me to do wherever we were going.

So when, after a delightful trip in, we finally reached Nenana, there were many surprises in store for me. The town of Nenana, with its splendid stores, and the large array of green buildings belonging to the Alaskan Engineering Commission, looked very civilized indeed, and was all so much better than we had expected to find in Alaska. But when we passed from the town through the Indian village adjoining the Mission, I began to wonder what was coming. But the Mission itself was not so bad. Miss Blacknall gave us a warm welcome. It was breakfast time, and everyone was waiting for us in the dining-room. There seemed to be no end of children. There

were all kinds and sizes, and I wondered if I would ever learn their names.

The news was soon broken to me that I was expected to be the school teacher, as no teacher had arrived, and the place was vacant. Then my heart sank. I had never taught, nor had I ever thought of being a teacher. But Miss Blacknall assured me that the children were very good, and that I would find it easy. So this is what I came to. Certainly it was not at all what I had expected.

Work began the following Wednesday. Indeed the children were well behaved, and I did not find being a teacher the ordeal I had expected. I soon began to feel at home in the new surroundings. Then there was much to make the time pass pleasantly. The weather was beautiful, and we had many pleasant walks over on the hill across the river from the Mission. There were canoe trips, and I had soon learned to use the paddle and feel steady in the bow seat.

Soon came winter, with the thrill of the cold weather. Fifty-seven below zero, and in the house we were warm enough! And even we did not let the cold stop us from going out. It was easy enough to defy the cold in the large felt shoes and all the other clothing we bundled into. And even yet I have not frozen my nose. Really I enjoy the cold, and no one need fear Alaska on account of the weather.

Since I have been here, I have done everything from teaching to housekeeping, and helping Mr. Drane with The Alaskan Churchman. There seems to be no end of opportunities for making oneself useful about a Mission. To me it is all interesting and I enjoy the newness of it all. I am glad I came, and I think the time will pass quickly.



# A Very Happy Christmas at Tanana

By DEACONESS MABEL H. PICK



THE Christmas spirit showed itself a whole week before, when the new chief, Matthew, called the men together and they went off to cut wood for the Church and spruce for decorations.

Such joking and fun; and in less than an hour nearly a cord of wood was cut and piled outside the Church, the men being photographed while at work.

Wood was cut for Blind Paul, and wood piled for the Mission cabin.

There had been no Christmas tree here for two years, so the children could think and talk of nothing else.

The school teacher said that real study was out of the question.

All the week before, and the Christmas week there were dances and potlatches.

On the Monday before Christmas, the women gathered in the Church and beautifully decorated it with ropes of spruce and Christmas bells.

Over the Altar hung a shining star, made by a lady very interested in the Mission.

On Tuesday, the Chief appointed three men to get the Christmas tree, and they had to take out a window of the school-house to get it in.

Christmas Day dawned bright and clear, and not very cold.

The Mission Worker was aroused by a tremendous noise—many sticks banging on a galvanized iron warehouse, and soon Blind Paul was her first visitor to say "Merry Christmas."

Then the Chief, with most of the men, and probably all the children, visited each cabin with Christmas greetings.

At half-past eleven, 125 people gath-

ered in the Church for the Christmas service—spirits were so high it was a little difficult to get the usual reverence.

The beautiful Christmas hymns were sung in Indian and in English, the latter to the accompaniment of organ and violin.

It was a matter of regret and disappointment that while so many people were gathered, no priest was available to give the Blessed Sacrament on this His Birthday.

The offering of \$30, while not nearly as large as in former years, due partly to the very few fish caught last summer and partly to other causes, was given gladly.

At four o'clock there was not standing room in the school-house, and one wondered if Santa Claus could ever get in.

The tree, loaded with candy and shining ornaments, its roots hidden by two hundred packages, was, of course, the center of attraction.

A very nice program was given by the children, under Mrs. Randolph's training—and then—many can testify to hearing the reindeer hoofs stamping with impatience outside the door before Santa Claus burst in in his jovial way.

In spite of all his work that day, he was not too tired to spank many small boys before emptying his pack.

After two hours of merriment, the people went off to a big potlatch and Indian dance, while one tired worker went home with a thankful heart for a happy day.

Dances and fun lasted until New Year's Day.

A well-filled Church started the New Year with praise and worship to God, and it is hoped with a better outlook for a good year.

In the afternoon all the village turned out, big and little, young and old, to haul the boats and the fish-wheel high on the bank, out of reach of the break-up.

Now the people are scattering to various camps and hunting grounds.

May they carry the Christmas lessons and Christmas spirit with them, to remain with them until another Christmas comes around.



### Acknowledgments

"While we have time, let us do good unto all men; and especially unto them that are of the household of faith."

The Alaskan Churchman gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following:

St. Mark's Nenana—Miss M. M. Halsted, \$50; Miss Diana Duval, \$100; Mrs. A. E. Schaeffer, for W. Aux. of Christ's Church, Houston, Texas, \$100; Miss Sarah Lindley, \$10; Miss B. Nunevillar, for a S. S., \$25; Miss Alice King, \$35; Miss Elizabeth Parsons, \$1.

Tanana Crossing—Mrs. J. C. Webb, Jr., \$26; Miss Henrietta P. Collins, \$5; Miss Mary A. Collins, \$5; George and Winslow Wallace, \$25.

General—Miss Diana Duval, \$50; Miss Eleanor J. Williams, \$10.

Totals:

Scholarships for St. Mark's	\$321.00
Tanana Crossing	61.00
General	60.00
<hr/>	
Total	\$442.00



### Appeals

The need of St. Mark's, Nenana, for clothing of all kinds is very acute. Some one once asked, "Why is it that you have to clothe the Indians of Alaska?" We do not have to clothe any of the Indians of Alaska except the children of our boarding schools at

Anvik and Nenana. But it takes a great deal of clothing for twenty-seven active children in this severe climate. Last summer the supply that came in was far inadequate, and we were forced to telegraph out for over two hundred dollars' worth of overalls for the boys. The girls fared better.

But, besides clothing our children, we have to feed them. With clothing to trade to the Indians we are enabled to get much of the game and berries that we must have, to say nothing of obtaining our supply of moccasins for all those twenty-seven children. The clothing goes farther than cash would go, and the clothing enables the natives to be cleaner and more healthily dressed than their scanty means would afford.

So please send us a generous supply of clothing for our seventeen boys ranging from eight to eighteen years of age, and the ten girls ranging from eight to fifteen. Also clothing of all kinds and sizes for trading purposes. Serviceable used clothing is acceptable, and articles such as underwear, stockings, sweaters, aprons, and dresses are most sought after.

2. Also for St. Mark's, Nenana, please send material for making clothes. The girls are taught to sew, and with gingham, calico, and woollens they are able to make a good part of the clothing needed for themselves.

3. Also for St. Mark's, Nenana, bandages and gauze for hospital and dispensary use.

4. For Christ's School, Anvik, the sum of \$200—to provide for a scholarship for a child for one year.

5. The sum of \$200—to provide for a child at St. Mark's School, Nenana, for one year.

Note.—We formerly asked for \$100—but it actually costs us over \$200—to provide for each child annually, and this additional \$100 is asked at the request of Bishop Rowe.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

### DIOCESE.

Asheville	Mrs. F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.
Bethlehem.	Miss Edna R. Madara, Mauch Chunk, Penn.
California.	Rev. Frank P. Church, 1217 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.
Chicago.	Miss Carrie Menge, 921 E. 42nd Place, Chicago, Ill.
Connecticut.	Mr. Rowland M. Beach, 16 France St. Norwalk, Conn.
Cuba.	Miss R. S. Harris, care Harris Bros. & Co., O'Reilly 104, Havana.
Dallas.	Mrs. Helen Easton, 1731 Pine St., Dallas, Tex.
Delaware.	Mrs. R. B. Rayner, 903 Franklin St., Wilmington, Delaware.
Fond du Lac.	Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Georgia.	Miss Gertrude J. Corney, 872 Highland Road, Augusta, Ga.
Indianapolis.	Miss M. J. Collis, 1314 First Ave., Evansville, Ind.
Iowa.	Mrs. John Arthur, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Long Island.	Mrs. W. W. Sabine, Nyack Ave., Hollis, L. I., New York.
Los Angeles.	Miss Marriott, 2279 29th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.
Maryland.	Mr. H. W. Atkinson, 10 Bishop's Road Guilford, Baltimore.
Massachusetts	Miss S. E. Whittemore, 21 Carlton St., Brookline, Mass.
Milwaukee.	Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Minnesota.	Mrs. B. I. Stanton, 542 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
New Hampshire	Mrs. Robert Alex. Southworth, Little Boars head.
New Jersey.	Miss M. F. Jones, 137 Aberdeen Road, Elizabeth.
New York.	Miss Alice Wood Daley, 447 St. Paul's Ave., Stapleton.
North Carolina	Miss Emma J. Hall, 809 N. Tryon St. Charlotte, N. C.

### Oklahoma.

Mrs. Henry C. Dodson, 220 North Ninth St., Muskogee.

### Pennsylvania.

Miss Ann Booth, Haverford.

### Rhode Island.

Mrs. Winslow Upton, 30 Forest St., Providence.

### Southern Ohio.

Mrs. W. K. Schoepf, 622 Oak St. Cincinnati.

### Spokane.

Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St. Spokane, Wash.

### Washington

Miss F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.

### Western N. Y.

Miss M. H. Bulsch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.



## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan Post Offices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Seward (other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail).

All points in the Interior that receive any mail in the Summer, receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik receives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any articles which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, Fairbanks, Alaska.

## DIRECTORY OF ALASKAN WORKERS

### BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

### ARCHDEACON

The Venerable Hudson Stuck, D. D., (Residence at Fort Yukon.)

Out for the winter.

Rev. W. A. Thomas substituting.

### MISSION STATIONS

Allakaket (P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River)—St. John's-in-the-Wilderness:—

Miss Eleanor Ridgway.

Miss Katharine Koster.

Anchorage—All Saints' Church:—

Rev. Edwin W. Hughes.

Anchorage—Outlying Camps, Railroad work, etc:—

Anvik—Christ Church Mission:—

Rev. John W. Chapman.

Deaconess A. G. Sterne.

Mrs. F. H. Ollsen.

Chena—St. Paul's Chapel:—

(See Tanana Valley Mission.)

Chena Native Village—St. Barnabas'—(See Tanana Valley Mission):—

Circle City—Church of the Heavenly Rest:—(Vacant.)

Cordova—St. George's Church Mission and Red Dragon Club House:—

Rev. E. P. Ziegler.

Chitina—(Visited from Cordova.)

McCarthy—(Visited from Cordova.)

Kennecott—(Visited from Cordova.)

Douglas Island—St. Luke's Church:—

Eagle—St. Paul's Mission:—

Mr. B. W. Gaither.

Fairbanks—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room:—Camps Visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood. Vacant.

Fort Yukon—St. Stephen's Mission and Hospital:—

Dr. Grafton Burke.

Ketchikan—St. John's Church, Hospital and School:—

Rev. Richard C. Jenkins.

Mrs. J. H. Molineux.

Miss Edith Harper.

Juneau—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—

Very Rev. Guy D. Christian, Dean.

Camps Visited:—Thane and Perseverance.

Latouche—Visited from Valdez.

Nenana—St. Mark's Mission (see Tanana Valley Mission.)

Miss B. B. Blacknell.

Miss Myrtle Rose.

Miss Fern Rose.

Nome—St. Mary's Church:—

Point Hope (Tigara)—St. Thomas' Mission:—

Rev. A. R. Hoare.

Rampart—St. Andrew's Mission:—Vacant.

Salchaket—St. Luke's Mission:—

Miss Effie Jackson.

Seward—St. Peter's Church:—

Rev. George John Zinn.

Sitka—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—

Rev. George E. Howard.

Skagway—St. Saviour's Church:—

Visited from Juneau.

Stephen's Village:—

Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

Tanana—St. James' Church:—

Vacant.

Tanana Indian Village—Mission of Our Saviour:—

Deaconess Mabel H. Pick.

Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

Tanana Crossing—St. Timothy's Mission:—

(See Tanana Valley Mission):—

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McConnell.

Tanana Valley Mission—Including Native Missions along the Tanana River:—

Office of Tanana Valley Mission, Nenana

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (P. O. address, Nenana.) See also Chena, Chena Native Village, Nenana, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing.

Valdez—Epiphany Church:—

Rev. George John Zinn.

Wrangell—St. Phillip's Mission:—

Rev. H. P. Corser.

Missionaries on furlough in the States (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

Miss Barlow.



266.05  
ALR

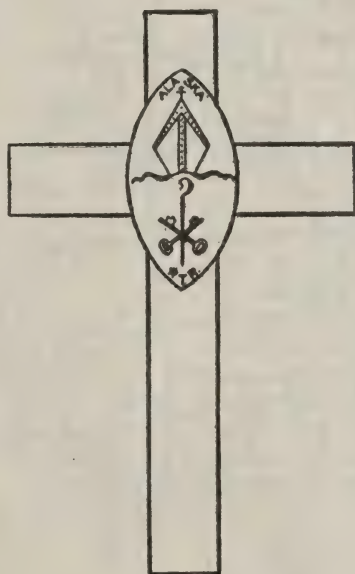
# The Alaskan Churchman

"O ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever."

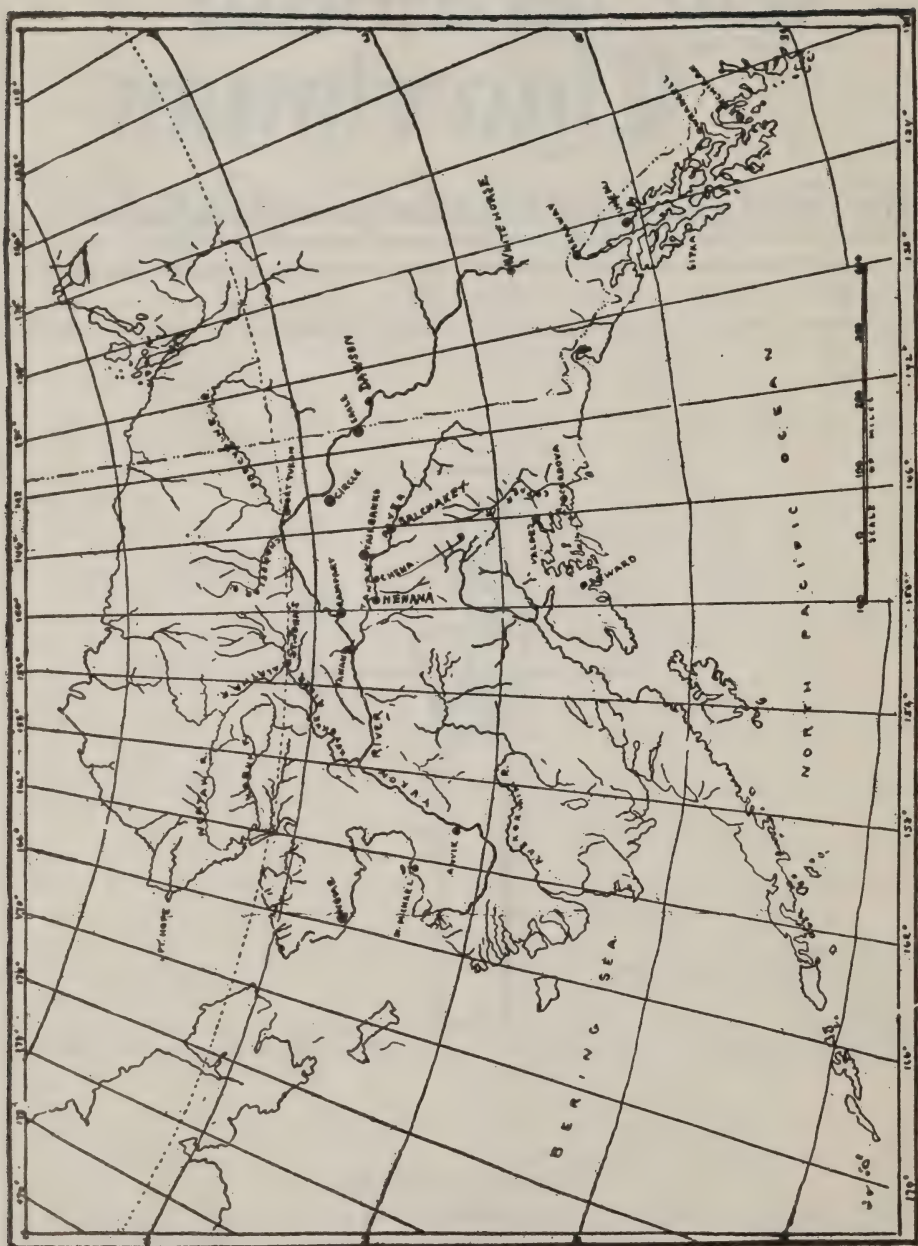
VOL. XIV

MAY, 1920

NO. 3



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
AT NENANA  
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE  
CHURCH'S WORK IN  
ALASKA.





## The Alaskan Churchman

Published Quarterly at Nenana in the  
Interests of the Church's  
Work in Alaska.

REV. F. B. DRANE  
Editor and Publisher.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year.

Entered as second-class matter September 9, 1919, at the postoffice at Nenana, Alaska, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

MAY, 1920

### THIS ISSUE LATE—

Because of the fact that when we wanted to go press in April, we did not have all the material in. Then followed the influenza, and so we are just two months late. We hope this will not happen again, but we make no promises.



### THE INFLUENZA PANDEMIC.

It struck us the latter part of April, and raged through the first two weeks of May, with its victims dying off until the latter part of May. After a year of security from this plague that has swept the rest of the world, at last we learned its terrible touch.

The toll of death was heaviest here at Nenana, both for the whites and the natives, but at each center it struck deaths occurred. It is estimated that 85 per cent. of the population of Fairbanks had the influenza, and there were twelve deaths. At the Chena Native Village all were down, and out of the sixteen adults there, only eight remain. At Nenana at least 90 per cent. of the white population were sick, it is esti-

mated, with thirty-four victims. In the Nenana Native Village every man, woman, and child was down, and the death rate was about 25 per cent. of the population. Over 40 per cent. of the native men succumbed. Most of the old people of the village died, but many of the most thrifty and industrious of the young married men died as well. There are some seven widows in this village now, and of fatherless children there are twenty-three.

St. Mark's School came out of it all very providentially. There were no deaths, and the children now seem to be well and healthy. At the time every child was sick, and all but our nurse and teacher also had the sickness.

Consequently the Mission was powerless to be of much aid during the plague. A call for help was sent out, and not only was the Mission given everything it needed, but a staff was organized for caring for the natives. The Chairman of the Relief Committee furnished us with everything that was needed, from food and medicines to wood and blankets, as no one was able to cut wood. Nothing was spared in the way of money or human effort to save the dying natives. But in every case the sickness had gained such a strong hold that the victims were numbered by the time relief came. The situation in the white town was so acute that Nenana had to call for help from Fairbanks, where the epidemic had first reached its climax. A special train was sent down with nurses who had gained experience by weathering the storm that had just swept the upper town. Heroism there was in abundance, and men whom we would have last asked to help, were the first to come forward. At Chena, the captain of a steamboat crew, after working night and day among his own men, went down to the Chena Native Village (three miles away) and packed on his back the first food and medicine they

had had since the sickness struck them. The next day he took down a whole sled load of supplies.

Nenana was the last point on the Tanana River the epidemic ravaged, and only Circle was struck on the Yukon. So the deadly work was more or less confined by the quarantines that were established. Such an epidemic swept the coast last year, and it is said that the majority of the Eskimo population around such white centers as Nome were swept away, leaving chiefly orphans behind. But while it was terrible enough here, still we have a great deal to be thankful for in the Interior. But in every case the Mission force was entirely inadequate to handle the situation. In all this section we have but one nurse, and she had some thirty-odd souls to try to save right in the Mission itself. At Salchaket the germ had not gained its strength, but fortunately timely help came from the roadhouse keeper and was followed up by the priest in charge, who happened to be passing at the time, and no deaths occurred. But in all this Tanana Valley the Mission is without a doctor, and the fact is we have only one doctor in all Alaska.

But even the follow up work, after the epidemic was over, found us unable to handle the situation. At St. Mark's we have stretched the capacity of our inadequate buildings to the limit, and at present have four of the flu orphans. But there would have been the opportunity of doing a great deal more, had our buildings been what we some day hope to have, and our equipment what our needs call for.

At present our crowded dormitories give us a constant concern for the health of the children we have, and to take more would be folly. But we hope to see that day when we may at least care for the fatherless and the motherless children that come to us, with no one else to take them.

### THE FIGHT FOR OUR FISH FOOD.

It still goes on, but we are still hopeful that the cannery of the Carlisle Packing Company may be dislodged from its hold on the mouth of the Yukon. The mouth of the Yukon is the mouth that feeds fish to all of us inhabitants of the Interior, and when the packers close this mouth, naturally we suffer. We suffered last year and we fear that we will continue to suffer in a measure until these blood-suckers are wrenched loose from their strangle-hold.

While the efforts of Archdeacon Stuck, to get a special executive order from the head of the Bureau of Fisheries, and countersigned by the President, fell through, still a great deal of publicity has been gained, and now that a bill is being introduced into Congress asking for the removal of this cannery, and the prevention of others at the mouth, and in the marine waters adjacent to the mouth of the Yukon, it is hoped that Congressmen, moved by the indignation of their constituents, will cast their votes for the bill.

A petition signed by some 1,500 residents of this section of the Interior, and practically all of these men, went to Delegate Grigsby as an indication of how the men of this country feel on the subject. Letters have gone in from all along the Tanana and the Yukon, not only from the missionaries anxious for the welfare of the natives, but also from traders, prospectors, and trappers, who all depend on the run of salmon for the success of their season's work.

The Commercial Clubs of Fairbanks and Nenana, and particularly that of Nenana, have come out against the cannery, and Nenana has continued to carry on the fight for the protection of our native resources as lie in the salmon. The Fish Commissioner, Dr. H. M. Smith, seems to have his attention pinned only



on what has been said and done by Archdeacon Stuck, as if no one else had voiced a protest and pleaded for protection. The Nenana Commercial Club and the Pioneers of Alaska resent this, as they have more than once sent in petitions or letters of complaint. Probably these were basketed by the indifferent departmental heads or their busy secretaries.

But every real Alaskan feels keenly on this subject, and were this country the hotbed of Bolshevism that some would picture it, we would not need the action of Congress or special executive orders from the departmental chiefs. We would get direct action.

Our Marshal of this Fourth Division was keen enough to make the fight against the cannery a plank in his plat-

form when running for Delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and he was elected. The newspapers have consistently come out against this grafting of our much needed salmon supply by these rank outsiders. These home editors have the welfare of the inhabitants at heart, and our fight against the cannery is not a mere piece of missionary propaganda as the near-sighted Fish Commissioner would misinform the public. Saving the salmon for the people of this country, instead of letting the commercial cannery ship them away from us, is a matter that concerns us all, and again, as we helpless Alaskans cannot legislate for ourselves, we have to throw our cause with prayerful hopes to our Congress in Washington.



## NOTES

### ALLAKAKET

The isolation and remoteness of such a Mission as St. John's-in-the-Wilderness, with the few opportunities afforded the workers for seeing any but the native people and the chance passing travelers, often proves quite a strain. After four years at the post, Miss Ridgway, with Miss Koster, who came in a year later, had planned to visit the staff at St. Mark's, Nenana. But word comes that there is to be only one steamer up the Koyukuk this summer, and this renders the trip inadvisable, apart from the prohibitive cost of this 1,900-mile round trip. But as an offset to this disappointment, Miss Ridgway is to receive a visit from her mother, who plans to spend this last year of her daughter's term at the Allakaket.



### CORDOVA

The spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Foster was the scene Thursday night of a surprise reception un-

der the auspices of the Episcopal Ladies' Guild for Rev. and Mrs. Eustace P. Ziegler, in celebration of the eleventh anniversary of their coming to Cordova. The surprise of the rector and his wife was complete when Mr. Foster presented them with a purse well filled with gold. Violin and piano music, played by Mr. Foster and Miss Evangeline Church, added to the pleasure of the evening. Cake, sandwiches and coffee were served. Rev. Mr. Ziegler has obtained a year's leave of absence from his church work here, and intends to leave with his family during the spring. They will be greatly missed and their return looked forward to.—Cordova Daily Alaskan, Jan. 17, 1920.



### FAIRBANKS

Easter services were conducted by the Rev. W. A. Thomas, who has this winter substituted for Archdeacon Stuck. Mr. Thomas remained over in Fairbanks until the following Sunday, conducting services at St. Matthew's in

the morning and preaching at the Presbyterian Church in the evening.



#### NENANA

Miss Alice Wright, after being detained for nine months on account of burns received last August, left on the first boat of the season for her home in Lancaster, Wis. Miss Wright goes out on regular furlough after five years of continuous service, with these nine months waiting for recovery thrown in extra.



#### POINT HOPE

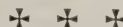
Our readers have probably been informed of the tragic death of Rev. A. R. Hoare, who was shot by his documented companion early in the spring. Details are lacking, but a complete investigation will follow. This death means the passing of a veteran who, in point of service, dates back some twenty-odd years, and is second only to Dr. Chapman at Anvik.

This throws our one Mission to the Eskimo vacant, and again calls Rev. W. A. Thomas from the Interior, back to the Arctic to the people with whom he labored for the two years past, and whom he learned to love so well.



#### STEPHEN'S VILLAGE

Miss Bedell writes that the past winter has been one of the hardest she has known, due to the fact that the people had such a small supply of salmon. However, the high price of muskrat, or "Hudson Bay Seal," this spring made it possible for the people to gain a comfortable living and pay off their debts at the trading post. Each person made an offering of one muskrat toward the expenses of the Mission.



#### TANANA CROSSING

St. Timothy's is assured of its continued usefulness for the coming year, as we have received a thank offering

from a friend of Rev. C. E. Betticher which will fully cover the cost of shipping up the year's supplies and buying the incidentals necessary for the Mission's equipment. This is like the answer to a fervent prayer, for things had begun to look dark for this place, where we believe we are doing a very promising work.

St. Timothy's is also to receive an excellent Meneeley bell of a size small enough to be transported up the dangerous Tanana. It is the gift of Miss Maude H. Smith of Philadelphia.

Urgent calls come from the workers for more clothing for the people of St. Timothy's Mission. Clothing of all kinds is needed, for the people of this section are poorer than elsewhere, and prices more forbidding.

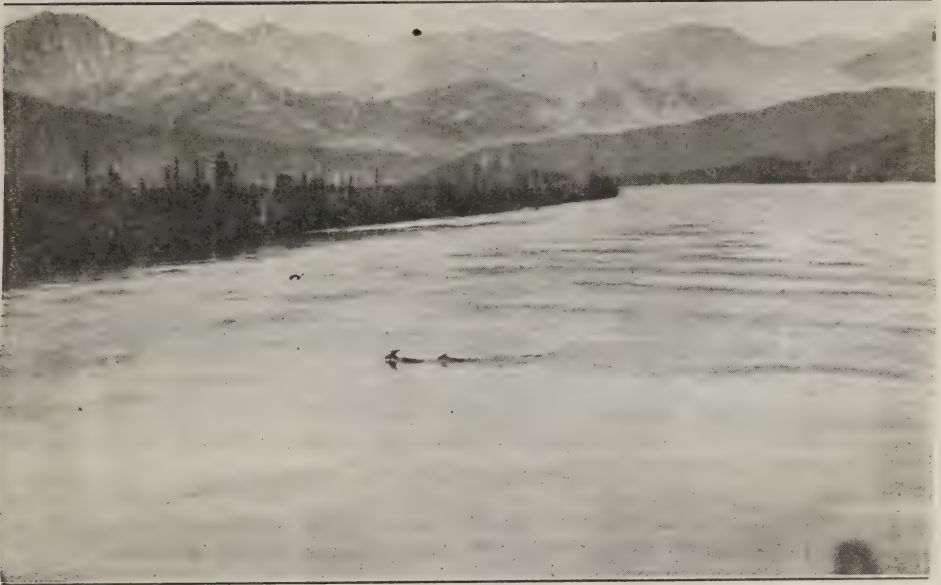


Mr. Thomas, with four dogs and sled, reached Nenana on March 30th, en route to Fort Yukon via Fairbanks and Circle. If the course of three months' travel in the Chandalar and Koyukuk regions, as well as Stephen's Village, Rampart, Hot Springs and Tolovana, the Mission team covered ten hundred and twenty-eight miles, practically all of which required the use of snowshoes. Sixteen villages and settlements were visited and thirty persons baptized. Four couples were married.

During the time of the journey there were thirty days of snow and blizzard, sixteen days on which the temperature was below forty degrees (minus), and three below sixty. On fifteen days the mercury stood above zero, and on three days there was rain. Travelers were scarce, but one sled party being met in two months' travel. Snow in the Koyukuk had fallen to a depth of six feet.

As far as Hot Springs, Mr. Thomas had as companion and assistant Mr. James Kingston, of Fort Yukon.





RIVER SCENE NEAR TANANA CROSSING

## Settling at a New Mission

By DAVID L. McCONNELL

Missionary-in-Charge, St. Timothy's Mission, Tanana Crossing.



OUR word came from the Bishop on the 22nd of July to leave the hospital at Tanana and take the first boat for Fairbanks, where we would make connections with the S. S. Reliance for the trip up the Tanana river to our new field of work, Tanana Crossing, five hundred and sixty miles from the mouth of the river. We left Tanana on the 23rd, after packing in the quickest possible time. I had been at Fort Gibbon for a year, serving in the army, having been drafted from the mission work at Anvik, where I had been assistant to Mr. Chapman the three years previous.

While at Fort Gibbon I was school teacher for the post, my pupils consisting of representatives of almost

every nation in Europe, one Canadian, and one American.

The S. S. Seattle III carried Mrs. McConnell and me as far as Hot Springs, where we transferred to the S. S. Tanana, manned by the same crew that would run the Reliance up from Fairbanks. We began to feel at home now and there was no cause for worry, as the Reliance couldn't leave until her crew got to Fairbanks, and her crew couldn't very well get there without us. The trip to Fairbanks was uneventful; we had two heavy barges and made slow time, at places just able to hold our own with the current. There was a place or two where we went down stream, the current along the cut bank carrying us back. These places were passed by working back and forth across the river until the easiest current was found.



### THE VILLAGE AT TANANA CROSSING

We spent one day in Fairbanks, and on July 31st left for the real trip.

On our way to Fairbanks we had a stop of 24 hours at Nenana while the crew washed boilers. This time we spent at the Mission (St. Mark's), meeting Miss Wright and Miss Blacknall for the first time and having a visit with Bishop Rowe and Mr. Drane.

Mr. Drane accompanied us as far as Salchaket, where he visited Miss Jackson at the Mission there.

August 1st was the opening day for moose hunting; we had stopped at Chena and taken on the Mission freight; and started up the first swift water, when what looked to be a tree root came floating down. Just a little above us it stopped short and as it stood up in the shallow water we, of course, saw a moose. Captain Green was the first man with a rifle and bagged the game on his second shot. It was only a matter of minutes until it was hauled aboard and the Indian deckhands were busy skinning and cleaning it.

The trip to Tanana Crossing is something to look forward to, and when safely finished, something to be thankful for. The river from Chena to the Crossing is said to be the worst

in all Alaska, for current, drift piles and all-around bad water. The S. S. Reliance is considered the best boat on the Yukon or its side streams for such a trip. She is strongly built, small but not too small, shallow draft and fairly powerful engines. Captain George Green, her master, is one of the best navigators of such water in Alaska, and an able and experienced riverman with a poling-boat. He had made two previous trips up the Tanana river, once to the Crossing, and at the time of the Shushana stampede 150 miles above. The rest of the crew were all experienced men, so as far as the boat and crew were concerned we felt safe.

The trip up was as quiet as any that had been made. We were whirled around at different times, coming to a stop against a sand bar, and sometimes pushing up a bank three feet high the full length of the boat. After getting in this condition it was always necessary to put out a line and pull ourselves into deeper water with the cable. Once the cable broke, and of course it was just at the critical moment when we were almost safely started again, and the work had to be done all over.



The real work of lining is getting the cable out and fastened to something strong enough to hold the pull put upon it. The captain and two men get into a poling-boat and go anywhere from a hundred yards to a half mile, all depending on where they find a strong enough anchor. The first time it took three hours to get the line out on an island less than a quarter of a mile away.

These accidents always happen in the swift water and it takes strong arms to push a small boat against a six- to eight-mile current and at the same time pay out a cable and avoid the many snags.

We reached the Crossing on August 8th. All the way from Healy we saw caribou every day, and on the last day saw twenty inside of an hour, all swimming across the river. Six were killed by different ones on the boat.

We were greeted by the few Indians that were staying at the Crossing, most of the villagers being out on a caribou hunt. We met Mr. Singleton, who had acted as caretaker for a year. The new building was not quite ready for us, so we took our meals with him for the first four days.

The Mission at Tanana Crossing is located as the hub of a wheel and the Indian villages of Mansfield, Tetlin, Last Tetlin, Nebesna, Ketchumstock, and Mentasta form the spokes. The nearest of these villages, Mansfield, is seven miles away, and the two farthest, Nebesna and Ketchumstock, are seventy miles distant in different directions. All these villages look upon the Mission as their Mission and all have a friendly feeling for us and the work we are trying to do among them.

Since arriving, Mr. Drane and I have made a tour of all these villages. The treatment and kindnesses shown was a surprise to me and of the nature that might be expected at a village "Outside." Dog feed in abund-



Caribou Swimming the River

ance was furnished for our dogs, and food for ourselves supplied, the best they had being put on the table. Of course, at places it was only dried caribou with tea, no sugar nor flour, but it was given, and given gladly. All seemed (and I am sure it was sincere) glad to see us, and all matters that had vexed them in the villages were taken up and a satisfactory settlement made where possible. This is quite different from on the Yukon side. The Indians may furnish you grub, but never dog feed; that is sold only.

The Indians differ in each village, some villages being cleaner than others, but at all we were housed in the cleanest cabin and the food prepared in a clean way. The Indians here are more helpful to the Mission, doing anything you ask without first finding out "how much you pay," as is the case on the Yukon.

As for the Indians themselves and personal cleanliness, they are not all that can be desired. The fault is not that they don't bathe (they do), but the sweat bath after giving a good cleaning loses its value by the fact that they put on the same badly soiled clothes. You must realize that every-

thing runs into money here, for most of the traders' supplies are bought at Fairbanks at a very little below Alaskan prices and an additional freight of ten cents a pound paid on everything. Grub, clothes, and everything is high. Sugar is fifty cents a pound, rice three pounds for one dollar, and candles, the only light they use, ten for one dollar. Hard bread (crackers), seventy-five cents a pound. Gasoline for lights costs eighteen seventy-five per ten-gallon case, and if we bought kerosene it would cost us very nearly as much.

The Indians here are not healthy, tuberculosis being very prevalent, and one of the worst of all diseases has a hold in the village of Mansfield.

This is but a short outline of the trip and conditions at Tanana Crossing as seen in the first few months, and the longer I stay the better conditions seem to be and the more encouraging the work. At first disappointment and utter uselessness seemed to be our part, but as we get acquainted the prospect brightens and the people become more trustful and worth our help.



As a footnote to the above article, written last fall but not published previously, on account of the fact that we had to wait for the engravings to come to us, reports come that the work at Tanana Crossing is progressing very nicely under the McConnells.

But just as they are beginning their work, we learn that because of lack of funds it is doubtful whether we shall be able to keep this Mission open another year. If we were to close, it would indeed be a pity. There at Tanana Crossing we have the whole thing left to us, and the influence the Mission is given to exert is greater than at almost any place in Alaska. We have here a newly completed mission building with a village meeting

room attached, used as the school room and for all gatherings. For years this work of building has gone on. Now that we have the equipment, shall we close the doors and see the work already done lapse?

It might be said that at no time since the founding of St. Timothy's Mission was there more promise for lasting results. The Indians are loyal, and to our support they contribute the fuel. Wherever we travel in the country roundabout they always provide for both the Missionary and his team of dogs. Mr. Thomas speaks of the generosity of Stephen's Village, in this respect, but our natives of the country roundabout Tanana Crossing never have let us pay for our dog feed when we are traveling among them.

The McConnells have made a good start. Another year at Tanana Crossing will give them the opportunity of making real progress. But if we are forced to close the Mission, much that has been done will be lost. After the lapse, a new start will be all the more difficult. For the past three years, while the building was going on, naturally the Missionary has had little time for anything else. But now we have "decks cleared for action," in fighting terms, and all we need is support.



### IGNORANCE THAT IS AGONIZING

(From the Bi-Monthly Bulletin of the Alaska Bureau of Publicity.)

Complaints come that both postoffices and express companies in many places in the States refuse to receive consignments for these districts on the grounds that "Boats have quit running to Alaska until the ice breaks in the spring." They do not appear to be able to grasp the fact that the waters of both South-eastern and Southwestern Alaska are open at all times of the year the same as are those of San Francisco Bay and Puget Sound.



## Food for the Koyukuk

By REV. W. A. THOMAS.



UE immediately to the fish shortage of last summer, the Church at large was called upon to help support the natives of the Koyukuk during the past winter. Our people responded generously so that the Allakaket workers: Miss Eleanor Ridgway and Miss Kate Koster, had one thousand dollars with which to aid the needy and destitute. Those aided will make return to the Mission in wood or labor during the coming summer. A new cache will be built and much needed repairing of the various buildings made.

The good news that assistance had been given came as a great relief to the staff of St. John's. Miss Ridgway wrote in January that the people had nothing; that by the expressions on their faces they were showing the hunger they were compelled to endure. More than half of the dogs had been killed or had starved, and if game could not be found soon the remainder would have to follow. The traps had caught nothing, so there was nothing to buy with at the store, nor could they expect further credit. It was not possible to go far in search of game without supplies on the sled. The gift of money came at such a time as this, and by the third week of February the hunters had been supplied with enough food to take them far out on their hunting trails. Some left to be gone a month, and others for shorter periods.

In March, Miss Ridgway wrote that several moose had been killed and that it seemed probable the hard times were at an end. There were but few dogs left by the end of February, when the writer left Allakaket for the South,

and it was said these also might have to go. An Indian village can scarce exist without dogs, yet whence are they to come after a winter such as this, when far and wide throughout the whole of the Interior they have been killed off in numbers?

The village at Allakaket was the worst off of any of the villages visited on the winter journey. Stephen's Village felt the pinch very keenly, as did that on the South Fork of the Koyukuk. The Eskimos at Caro, Bettles and Coldfoot were getting through in fairly good shape, although they had to halve the number of their dogs. Beaver Indians were scraping along on an occasional moose, and those of Rampart and Tanana were receiving some assistance from the white men and the military post, respectively.

The people at the mouth of the Alatna were hardest hit, because they have been of late years almost wholly dependent upon fish for food. The Koyukuk is not a "game" country, nor has the trapping been good of late years. The fish have usually been so abundant and the catch so large that they have had enough and to spare, even without the occasional moose or bear that was obtained. Now the fact must be recognized that unless the Government is minded to protect the Interior dwellers of Alaska, by removing the cannery from the mouth of the Yukon,—and prohibiting commercial fishing for export,—the fish are not to be depended on and there are many hard winters ahead of the Koyukukers. Even if the fish are protected, there will be summers when the run will be light and the following winter more or less marked by shortage of the food supply.

It seems then that these people

should have an extra staff upon which to lean. In this great wide land of ours there is food in great abundance for thousands and thousands of folk who are able and willing to live where the food grows or stalks about. Thousands of caribou die of old age and many more fall before the wolves and lynxes each year. The people of Christian's Village, in the Chandalar, had hundreds of caribou dried and cached away when the Koyukukers had next to nothing. There was a time when the latter, too, would follow the game and live on it, but now the permanent village keeps them from roaming far. Consequently the Koyukuk country is, in parts, about trapped out, nor while trapping continues will the fur return. While the belt of mining operations extends up to and beyond Bettles Lake, as it does today, the caribou are not to be expected within reach of the people at Allakaket. Between Coldfoot and the Alatna but one track was to be seen in the month of February: the track of a moose, while on the little lakes in the Chandalar, some within a mile or so of Caro, countless tracks were to be seen,

so thick at times as to give the surface of the lake the appearance of a barnyard in winter.

It would seem, then, that if the Koyukuk people are to guard against meatless and wheatless winters, they will have to move into a game country or else become herders of reindeer. It is true that they can, and perhaps will, continue to eke out a scanty living on the spot and under the same conditions on which and under which they are now living, but there is no need for such hardship. It is not intelligent to be satisfied with half when the whole is ours for the taking, and these growing Indian children need and should have all the food they can eat. Migration has its advantages, but there are obstacles to be overcome. The introduction of reindeer herding seems to offer the better solution. The deer do well at Shungnuk, just across the divide; it is reasonable to suppose they would do well near the Allakaket, where there is moss a-plenty. A herd once introduced and put in the charge of responsible Eskimo and Indian men will become a safeguard against a recurrence of the present hard situation: a bulwark much to be desired.



## The Tally Stick

By JOHN W. CHAPMAN, D. D.



HEY say that a certain great American inventor is interested in his contrivances only up to the time that they are patented; because he has no time to spend upon things that are done, but only on things that are to be done.

Most of us, however, are willing to spend a little time on reckoning up results. We notch a gun-stock, or "count coup," or fondle a balance-sheet, or in some way or other testify

to our interest in past achievement.

This paper is a brief summary of the activities of the Mission at Anvik, from the time of the Bishop's visit, in August, to the end of the year, 1919.

That famous bird, The Pelican, having survived the assaults of her enemies and the blandishments of her friends, arrived with the Bishop and the Archdeacon on the second or the third of August. Early enough, at any rate, for the Archdeacon to give us an excellent Sunday sermon.

Seven candidates received the apos-





THE SCHOOL AT ANVIK

tolic rite of confirmation. Three of these were pupils of the boarding school, in whose welfare we have a peculiar interest.

During the Bishop's visit, the plans for rebuilding the Mission received consideration. The necessity of giving Anvik proper buildings and equipment for carrying on and extending its educational work is full recognized. The last words of our reverend and dear visitors, on leaving, were an exhortation to tear down and rebuild the rectory without fail, this season.

We did it. Before the Pelican was out of sight, on the fifth of August, the wrecking crew were at work upon our kitchen. I must pay tribute of admiration to our foreman and master mechanic, Mr. W. C. Chase. He is one of the kindest men in the world; but no consideration, short of actual inhumanity, will ever prevent him from tearing a house down when he has orders to do so. When we were comfortably settled with all our belong-

ings in temporary quarters, three days after we began to move, we felt as though we had survived an earthquake.

The sills for the new building were laid in exactly one week after the wrecking crew began work; and we moved into the new building on the fifth of December, exactly four months after we lost sight of the Pelican,—and lived happily ever after. We shall never be able to give full expression to our gratitude to the friends who have furnished us with the means of living in greater comfort than we had any assurance that we would ever enjoy in this life, or to Archdeacon Stuck for his extraordinarily kind efforts in our behalf, which resulted in the assurance that means had been provided for meeting the necessary expenses connected with the completion of the building.

So many have volunteered the remark that the people of the village never worked as well as they did last summer, that I think my own impres-

sions concerning it must be correct. Twelve natives and five white men were employed. Three natives worked over fifty days each, and one of them worked one hundred and five days. The work was a Godsend to the community, for the fishing season was unusually poor and many were straitened for the means of living. Our shelves were ransacked for surplus clothing from the stock provided by the Woman's Auxiliary, and the search proved amazingly fruitful and helpful, and especially so since the local stocks of clothing as well as of groceries had been almost completely exhausted.

Some of the benefits of the new building will receive notice towards the close of this article; but I may note, in passing, that we should never have been able to complete it so satisfactorily in one season if the material had not been prepared and the concrete basement walls put in a year ago. Much of the time that the building was going on we were operating the sawmill and the planer, and we also sawed out the shingles necessary to finish the gable ends.

After I had seen that the work was running smoothly, I took Isaac Fisher with me to visit the Shageluk people. The visit was in every way an encouraging one; but the contrast between the poverty and squalor of the people of that section and the better condition of the natives of the Yukon was rather painful. There was, however, one matter of great encouragement. The reindeer herd has been kept together and has increased in numbers. The fact that this was done under the care of raw apprentices and one partially trained herder, with such encouragement as was afforded by the assistance of a local trader who looked after the supplies, constitutes, I believe, a new record in the history of the reindeer service in Alaska. Some

of the apprentices seem to have been discouraged; but the arrival of a Government teacher, who is also superintendent of the herders and apprentices, has given fresh encouragement and hope. We are now able to get all the fresh meat that we require to meet the needs of the Mission, by purchasing from the Government herd.

Two other activities of the season, both of enough importance to deserve mention, were the fishing and filling the woodshed.

The fishing was not successful, although we were able to secure several barrels of salt salmon. The season was extremely wet, and much of the fish upon the drying racks was spoiled. Those who had smoke-houses were rather more fortunate. The run of salmon was a disappointment, as compared with the run in average years. The establishment of a cannery near the mouth of the Yukon may be partly accountable for this; but it is only fair to say that just as a secondary run began, there were many landslips on account of the continued rains, and that several fishtraps and wheels were put out of commission on this account. Those that were not broken were filled with floating logs and sticks and their operation was much hindered. The Mission wheel suffered from this cause. We supplemented our fishing by setting a trap in the Anvik River, but a freshet carried it away just as we were overcoming our inexperience in this kind of fishing, and were beginning to catch fish.

Supplying the Mission with fuel for the winter has always given us something to think about. We usually require not less than seventy cords of wood. If anyone thinks that it is not something of a worry when every effort is being made to close in a building before snow falls, let him try it. We



filled the woodshed, with the help of a gang of men and a gasoline engine.

Christmas descended upon us with a rush, and passed safely and happily; but that is another story, to be told elsewhere.

A few words of this article should be devoted to giving some impression of the benefits that we are receiving on account of the new house.

Not the least of these is the satisfaction of living in a house that is a credit and not a disgrace to the Mission; for the house is honestly built, and we think it is sightly as well. The basement is one of the most useful features of the building. It has concrete walls, seven feet high, and its inside dimensions are twenty-three by thirty-nine feet. One-third of this large space is used as a cellar, for the storage of vegetables and groceries. We have had no extreme weather to test its reliability for this purpose, but a temperature of forty degrees below zero was not cold enough to excite any apprehension of trouble.

The rest of the basement space is taken up by a large room and by the post office. These rooms are roughly floored, and a large heating stove makes the basement an exceedingly comfortable place to work, in any kind of weather. And since this stove is the only heater that we have found it necessary to make use of, so far, in heating what is practically a three-story building, this furnishes some indication of the comfort that is to be derived from a well-built log house.

The basement is an ideal place for travelers to come into, from the trail. Already they have begun to find this out. The great stove and the freedom are things that any real musher knows how to appreciate. It is also a workshop and contains a carpenter's bench.

We were unable to take our five boys into the old house; but we have

now taken them in, and of course find that it gives us a new interest in life. Their voices penetrate to every part of the house. The sounds are sometimes mandatory, sometimes hilarious, never imprecatory except, perhaps, in spirit. There are occasional yelps of distress or wails that appear to afford relief to injured feelings; but the atmosphere is, generally, one of good nature. There are delightfully cheerful responses to requests to fill the woodbox. There are cascades of song and choruses of recitation. To begin to quote Mother Goose is to start an avalanche. It appears to be a favorite pastime to memorize pages out of the school readers.

One night, we were awakened at one o'clock by a monologue that droned along until it was stopped by a protest. It was the oldest of the five, who had been reading *The Arabian Nights*, and was keeping himself company in the dark by reciting *Sinbad the Sailor*. As the day is to reveal every man's work, so the night reveals the good work that Deaconess Sterne is doing in school.

As for ourselves, how can we tell what it is to us to live in a light, cheerful house, in comfort, with elbow room and a room for a guest and a suitable place for our books? There is room for the laundry work, for the dictionary stand, for the typewriter. There is a veranda for shelter to the space in front of the doors and for views of ever-changing loveliness. And there is the deep consciousness of the significance of all these benefits, in terms of the good will that has made them possible for us. It is worth coming to Alaska, to have found out what Christian sympathy means.

I would plead for an extension of the same sympathy toward the children whom we are now unable to accept for admission to the school, for want of

certain definite things. First, the want of a man to share the work and look after the boys in particular. Secondly, the want of proper housing accommodations, and thirdly, the want of sufficient maintenance funds.

With the increased cost of living, our funds for current expenses have fallen off rather than increased; and I am obliged, hard as it is, to deny admission to children whom I would gladly accept. I am daily thankful

for the blessing of good helpers. I know that the girls are well kept and lovingly cared for under Mrs. Ollsen's supervision. I know that the teaching in the school is adequate and thorough. I believe that our boys are responsive and that there is a field for work among them that might satisfy the ambition of any man.

Many in the Yukon valley are looking to us. We must not disappoint them.



## Historical Data of Alaskan Missions

FURNISHED BY BISHOP ROWE.



CERTAIN priest was lecturing in Washington, D. C., and there chanced to be present one of our very good friends, who heard a remark to this effect, that "The Presbyterians and Episcopalians each had a mission somewhere on the coast of Alaska, but in all the vast Interior no work at all was being done, except by certain other bodies on the lower section of the Yukon."

While we do not care to discuss the ignorance of others, still we are persuaded that even a large percent of our own readers have a very vague idea of where our Church does operate, or anything about our Missions. So we present a sort of review, giving historical data which will be of interest to any student of Alaskan Missions. The pictures have all been used before, but we trust they will serve again, in this short summary of our Alaskan efforts. As a sort of appendix, the reader is referred to the Directory of Alaskan Workers, found on the last page, and also to the map of Alaska just inside the cover.—Editor.



### **Missionary Beginnings in Alaska.**

In the year 1793, the Russo-Greek

Church sent its first missionaries to Russian America—Alaska. Their Missions were established on the Southern Coast, the Aleutian and Pribiloff Islands, and the Bering Sea Coast.

About the year 1851, missionaries of the Church of England, following the Hudson Bay Company posts, reached the Yukon River, and several Missions were established, one of these being transferred to our Church about 1890. This was St. James' Mission, at Fort Adams, Yukon River. Any boundary line was unknown, or at least was not recognized.

After the purchase of Alaska by the United States in 1867, the various Missionary Boards in the United States began to plan for work in this field. It was some time after the purchase before anything was done. The Presbyterian Board sent the Reverend Sheldon Jackson to investigate the conditions and needs of the Alaskan natives. This was in 1877. Dr. Jackson brought with him, as a missionary worker, a Mrs. A. R. McFarland and placed her at Wrangell. Thus began the work of the Presbyterian Church in Alaska.



### **Christ Church Mission, Anvik.**

The Reverend Octavius Parker was the first missionary appointed by our



Board for Alaska. On May 11, 1886, he sailed with his family from San Francisco. Mrs. McDowell came also as companion to Mrs. Parker. The party arrived at St. Michael, June 30th, where they passed the winter. On December 10th, Mrs. McDowell died.

In April, 1887, a large party of Indians, coming to St. Michael to trade, invited Mr. Parker to visit them at Anvik and to establish a Mission there. He went with them, decided upon Anvik as a favorable location for a Mission, made his plans, and returned to St. Michael the same month. By water the distance from St. Michael is 480 miles; by winter, overland, it is 100 miles.

On June 25th, 1887, the Reverend John W. Chapman, a young Deacon, appointed by the Board for Alaska, joined Mr. Parker at St. Michael. Mrs. Parker and her children returned to San Francisco with the body of Mrs. McDowell.

Mr. Parker and Mr. Chapman reported themselves at Anvik and began school work July 27th.

At a special session of the House of Bishops, October 27th and 28th, the Territory of Alaska was established as a Missionary jurisdiction.

In June, 1889, Rev. Octavius Parker resigned and returned to San Francisco. Meanwhile a small living house of logs, also a school-house, had been erected. A portable sawmill, the gift of friends in the East, was received by the Mission. July, 1889, Mr. Marcus O. Cherry, who had been appointed lay assistant, arrived. Soon the sawmill was in operation. In 1892, the present Church was built; two thousand dollars had been given by the Women's Auxiliary for this purpose, which was one-half of the first United offering. In the summer of 1892 Mr. Cherry returned to the United States, having resigned.

Mr. Chapman went to the United States on furlough in the summer of 1893, and returned to Anvik in 1894, bringing Deaconess Sabine and Dr. Mary V. Glanton as workers, and Mrs. Chapman. A school-house for girls was built. Already for several years boys had been taken in as boarding pupils. In July, 1896, Dr. Mary V. Glanton resigned and returned—ill—to the United States. August 16th, Bishop Rowe, who had been consecrated the first Bishop of Alaska, November 30th, 1895, made his first visit to Anvik and confirmed sixteen candidates.

The work of the boarding school had been maintained, and is the chief effort of our force at Anvik. While the results have been very gratifying, still Dr. Chapman insists that the school has never flourished as it should. This is principally on account of the want of adequate buildings and the need of a staff of workers large enough to meet the needs of the situation. The Roman Catholic Mission at Holy Cross, established on the Yukon, forty miles below Anvik, one year after the founding of Christ's Church Mission, has about the same number of clerical and lay workers that Anvik has of boarding pupils and maintains 150 pupils against our 18. The work too has been handicapped from the start for want of funds. This year past we were obliged to refuse admittance to twelve children, on account of lack of room, and the money with which to keep them fed and clothed. In the past a scholarship of \$100 has supported a child for a year. A few have been provided. But now the need is for twenty scholarships of \$200 each.

It is a matter of relief and thankfulness to us all that we were able to have a new home for Dr. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman, which also gives a place for some of the older boys. During this summer there should be at

least two more new buildings erected. The money is in hand for one, and it is hoped that funds can be secured for the other. Yet in spite of the urgent need of new buildings, we are handicapped by the lack of labor. Would that we might have volunteers for this! Twenty hands could be employed, and the work then finished during the summer vacation.

Looking back over the years, there are a few facts that stand out as distinct matters of encouragement. The people around us have come out from a condition of unspeakable filth and privation, and live in a state of comparative decency and comfort. Polygamy has disappeared and Christian marriage has taken the place of the old loose connections. Divorces are very uncommon. The advantages of schooling are generally recognized and English is so commonly spoken that efficient school work can be done without the necessity of learning the native language. Infants are commonly brought to baptism. The most distinctly idolatrous of the old feasts have been discontinued. Those that remain are probably more of a social character, and reprehensible only when carried to excess, as so many good things are. Even the Bible is not exempt from the liability to abuse. Finally, the field is open for constructive work. A sullen current of underground opposition which we had to encounter for many years has lost so much of its force that it is practically negligible. It still remains in some minds that are dominated by the old superstitions, but is by no means the formidable obstacle that it once was.



#### St. Thomas' Mission, Point Hope, Tigara.

This Mission was begun in response to an appeal made by Lieutenant-Commander Stockton, U. S. N., a loyal Churchman, to the Board of Missions.

In cruising in the Arctic he visited the natives of Tigara and found them in a deplorable condition, victims of atrocious acts on the part of the crews of whaling vessels. The Board called for a medical missionary. Dr. John F. Driggs, a layman, volunteered. He arrived at Point Hope in July, 1890. Alone he ministered to these Eskimos; he was teacher, minister, physician and friend. He received mail but once a year. He took a furlough but once in five years. The Rev. Mr. Edson took his place on one furlough, Mr. E. J. Knapp on another. His house was an igloo. A building erected by a whaling crew served as warehouse. An igloo Church was built. Failing in health, Dr. Driggs retired and died at Cape Lisbourne, 1914. He was succeeded by the Rev. A. R. Hoare, 1907. Rev. F. H. Goodman relieved Mr. Hoare for one year. The old igloo Church was torn down and the present one built by Mr. Hoare, assisted by the Bishop and eight young Eskimos. With funds obtained by Mr. Hoare from Rhode Island friends, the gift of "Browning Hall" by Mrs. J. Hull Browning, the present fine buildings on concrete foundations were built by Mr. Hoare and the natives some years ago. As at Anvik, the need is acute for workers and support. Since the beginning one man, sometimes with chance assistance, has been called on to be minister, doctor, and school teacher for a population of some two hundred or more, as well as to make long and hazardous trips.



#### Tanana—St. James' Mission.

This Mission was one established by the Church of England on the middle-Yukon at a point twelve miles below the present site—Fort Adams. It was under the charge of Archdeacon Canham when it was transferred to our Board of Missions, the Rev. Jules L. Prevost becoming the Missionary in



1890. In 1899 the Mission was transferred to the present site, named the Mission of Our Saviour, St. James' being given to the Mission for white people, three miles away. The beautiful Church, given by Miss Mary Rhineland King, was built. There was erected a sawmill. The Mission suffered serious losses by two fires, destroying all the property excepting the Church and the sawmill. Mr. and Mrs. Prevost served here, excepting one winter at Circle City, another at Rampart, until 1906, when he resigned. From this point Mr. Prevost traveled far and near. A small steamboat, the "Northern Light," was given him by his Philadelphia friends. He was succeeded by the following workers: Mr. A. A. Selden, Rev. A. R. Hoare, Rev. C. W. Peabody, Dr. Loomis, Miss F. G. Langdon, Rev. P. H. Williams, and Miss M. H. Pick.

During the summer of 1915, a splendid hospital was erected at a cost of some \$20,000. Since that time the hospital has been open for work only one year, and this with only one nurse in charge. The place calls for a resident physician in charge with a staff of two nurses, if the work intended for this hospital is to count. A large mission awaits this hospital, for the need for such an institutions exists not only in the disease-ridden native village of Tanana, but also from all the sections around, including the Tanana River. Its function, if opened and staffed, would be the same as that of St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon.



#### Juneau—Trinity Church.

In 1894, Bishop Barker, Diocese of Olympia, sent the Rev. George Buzelle to visit Southeastern Alaska and report. Upon his report, Bishop Barker sent the Rev. Dr. Nevins to open work at Juneau in 1895. He secured two lots on partial payment. Bishop Rowe, who had been consecrated as the Bishop

of Alaska, arrived in Juneau, accompanied by Rev. Henry Beer, in March, 1896. Dr. Nevins retired. Rev. H. Beer was put in charge of Juneau and Douglas Island. Arrangements were made for a Church and Rectory. Under Mr. Beer these were built in 1896. Mr. Beer resigned after three years' service. Following Mr. Beer were the following Clergy: Rev. H. J. Gurr, Rev. C. A. Roth, and the Rev. Guy D. Christian, the present Dean. Juneau having been made the capital of the District, the Bishop transferred the Pro-Cathedral from Sitka to Juneau. Juneau was the first of our Missions established in Southeastern Alaska and the fourth, in order of time, in the District. Juneau is a prosperous town of some 3,000, and the work here has the aspect of permanency.



#### Sitka—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea.

The Bishop visited Sitka, March, 1896, and chose it for his residence and headquarters. He began services for the white population, a layman taking the same when the Bishop was absent. The Rev. Wells Mortimer Partidge, Deacon, took charge in 1897. The beautiful stone Church was erected in 1899, Mr. and Mrs. F. Proctor having given \$2,000 towards the cause. The See House was built in 1907, the Women's Auxiliary contributing the funds. The Rev. F. C. Taylor served a short time as Priest-in-Charge. He was succeeded by Rev. C. I. Milliken, and he by the present Priest—Rev. George E. Howard.



#### Circle City—Heavenly Rest.

The Bishop visited this mining camp on the Upper-Alaskan Yukon in 1896 and made plans for a Mission. He bought a log saloon building. By 1897 the camp was practically deserted. In 1898 Miss Deane was appointed. The Rev. Mr. Prevost had charge during the winter of 1897 and 1898. A hospital

was built. Dr. Watts was appointed physician and had charge for two years. Miss Lizzie J. Woods succeeded Miss Deane and was joined by Miss A. C. Farthing in 1902. The Rev. Charles Rice served here for one year. The work could not be advanced and proper buildings erected, as workers were impossible to find and the camp too small to justify a real aggressive work. At present, as well as for the past years of the Mission's vacancy, the services have been rendered by the Archdeacon from Ft. Yukon, some 80 miles distant.

#### Wrangell—St. Phillip's Mission.

The Church entered work in this field at the invitation of the Presbyterian Missionary and his congregation. They desired to be taken over by the Church. This was in 1904. The minister, the Rev. H. P. Corser, was accordingly admitted to Holy Orders, priested January 20th, 1907. Under Mr. Corser, a fine Church and well-equipped gymnasium were built. Good, faithful work is done here.



THE MISSION AT EAGLE

#### Douglas Island—St. Luke's.

This Mission has nearly always been appended to Juneau. In 1897 the Rev. Dr. A. J. Campbell was given sole charge, only for one year. Under the Rev. H. J. Gurr, of Juneau, the Church was built. In 1916 the Rev. Alwyn E. Butcher was appointed to assist Mr. Christian at Juneau, but having charge of St. Luke's in particular. He resigned in 1918. It is now under the care of Mr. Christian.

#### Ketchikan—St. John's Mission.

In 1897, this being a small Indian camp, Miss Agnes Edmonds was appointed Missionary Teacher. Rev. Dr. A. J. Campbell of Douglas Island had visited the place and advised work here. He was transferred from Douglas to Ketchikan in the fall of 1897, resigning in 1898. The Rev. Thomas Jenkins succeeded. Under Mr. Jenkins the Church and Rectory were built. The Hospital was started in 1899. Mr.



F. M. Louvus served one year as layman-in-charge. The Rev. R. E. Roe was in charge for seven years, succeeding Mr. Jenkins. The Indian School and the Hospital have continued their great work to the present time. The Rev. H. H. Kelley succeeded Mr. Roe and after three years resigned. He was succeeded by the Rev. R. C. Jenkins, now in charge. Among the women workers, succeeding Miss Edmonds, have been, as nurses and teachers, Miss Deane, Miss Langdon, Miss Henderson, Miss Nygard, Miss Edith Prichard, Miss Jones, and Miss L. Smart, the latter dying at Ketchikan. Miss Barlow, with Miss Harper helping, has charge of the Hospital, while Mrs. Molineux has charge of the School.



#### Skagway—St. Saviour's Church.

This camp began, as it were, overnight. This was due to the "Klondike rush" in 1897-1898. The Bishop, using the "flying column," was on hand and began the Hospital, which, under Miss Duley, Miss Carter and their associates, did such heroic relief work under distressing times. The Rev. Mr. Wooden was appointed in 1898. He was transferred to Fort Yukon in 1899. The Rev. James G. Cameron was appointed in 1899 and under him were built the beautiful Church and Rectory. Unfortunately, the stampede closed. Same reason; we have no people—camp fallen from 10,000 to 300. At present St. Saviour's receives an occasional visit from our Priest at Juneau.



#### Eagle—St. Paul's.

Eagle is situated on the Yukon River, at the boundary between Alaska and Canada. We planned for a Mission here in 1898. Mr. George Boulter, the Government school teacher, was appointed Lay Teacher. Rev. A. R. Hoare took charge in 1902. Mr. George B. Burgess in 1907. There is a Mission for Indians and one for

white people. The Indian Church was built under Mr. Hoare. The Presbyterian and Roman Catholic Churches had missions for white people here, but retired, we buying the property of the Presbyterians. At present the work in both the white town and the native village is being cared for by Mr. B. W. Gaither, a layman preparing for Holy Orders, and the situation has a progressive outlook.



#### Fairbanks—St. Matthew's.

A mining camp developed in this section of the Middle-Tanana Valley in 1903. The Rev. Charles Rice, of Circle City, visited the camp in 1903, held services and reported to the Bishop. In the winter of 1904 the Bishop visited the camp and made arrangements for a mission and a hospital. The Rev. John Huhn served for a few months in 1904-1905 until the Rev. Charles E. Betticher took charge in 1905. The Hospital was built in 1904 and Deaconess Clara M. Carter, assisted by Miss Annie C. Farthing, took charge. Miss Emberly came in 1905. Archdeacon Hudson Stuck arrived in 1904, making Fairbanks his headquarters. St. Matthew's Church was built in 1906. Then followed the Geo. C. Thomas Memorial Library building, due to a generous donation by Mr. Geo. C. Thomas for that object.

Meanwhile Mr. Betticher had made the Mission an emporium of reading matter for the far extending mining camps. From this point Mr. Betticher had started the chain of missions along the Tanana River: Nenana, Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing. Mr. Betticher was succeeded by the Rev. Louis H. Buisch, and he by the Rev. H. H. Lumpkin, who, in 1919, after five years' service, resigned. The hospital, after years of great service, was closed in 1915. At present the Mission is without a worker. The town has fallen off to a population of less

than a thousand, and is served by the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians. Yet there is still a very useful work to be done by St. Matthew's with the right man in charge.



#### Fort Yukon—St. Stephen's.

Missionary work in this section had been carried on for many years by the Church of England, but had ceased some years before we began. We began in 1896. Miss Lizzie J. Woods took charge. In 1899 the Rev. L. H. Wooden was appointed in charge. For two years, 1897 to 1899, a priest of

the strangle-hold of evil men and powers, is a joy and an illustration of the regenerative work of the Church under able leadership. Fort Yukon is the largest native village on the upper half of the Yukon, if not on the whole Yukon River. It is the gathering place for natives for miles around, and consequently is a very strategic center for our work.



#### Nome—St. Mary's.

This camp began in 1899. It began suddenly. A wonderful stampede took place in the winter of 1899-1900 from



#### ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH AND HOSPITAL

the Church of England, loaned by Bishop Bomras, had charge of the work. Archdeacon Stuck made Fort Yukon his headquarters. William Loola had been made Deacon by the Bishop. Rev. Charles E. Rice was here for a short time. School work was early inaugurated; later the Church asked the Government to appoint a teacher, paying the salary. Through Archdeacon Stuck the present fine hospital was built; Dr. and Mrs. G. Burke taking charge. And now this Mission, with its Church, school, hospital, and residence, with a community rescued from

Dawson and other places. The Bishop asked the Rev. Jules L. Prevost to visit the camp and start missionary work. Mr. Prevost left Rampart in the winter and walked the 900 miles to Nome. The Bishop arrived in July, 1900, and began building the Church. The Rev. C. H. H. Bloor, who was appointed, arrived in August, 1900, to take charge. The Bishop arranged for a small rectory. For years this was a notable camp and the Church's work was faithfully carried on under the Reverends Mr. Bloor, Mr. White, and Mr. Christian. The population varied,



but for years stood about 10,000. There came a "slump" until we found our Church members so few that it was deemed best not to appoint another Clergyman to succeed Mr. Christian. Again in Nome we have another instance of a live camp decreasing to but a few hundred people, and our good Church property is idle.



#### Valdez—Epiphany.

In 1900, at the Bishop's request, the Rev. Jules L. Prevost, on his way to

He ministered to far-off places, such as Katalla, Cordova, etc. He was succeeded by the Rev. W. H. Ziegler. About this time the hospital was closed. The Rev. G. J. Zinn succeeded Mr. Ziegler. No one has been found to succeed Mr. Zinn. There is a Church, small Rectory and Everyman's Club building. The town has greatly decreased in population.



#### Cordova—St. George's.

St. George's was begun under the



#### EPIPHANY — VALDEZ

the States for furlough, visited this place, obtained property and built the present Epiphany Church. Mr. James Fish was appointed Lay Reader. The Good Samaritan Hospital was built and Miss E. M. Deane put in charge. For years the hospital did appreciative service. The Rev. F. C. Taylor was appointed and remained five years. He was succeeded by the Rev. E. P. Newton, who soon won the hearts of all.

Rev. E. P. Newton, Priest at Valdez, some thirteen years ago. The Copper River railroad was under construction. A club room—the Red Dragon—was built and used for Church services as well as a center of fellowship and social life by the men of the camp. Mr. E. P. Ziegler came in 1909 and took charge. Mr. Ziegler was ordained and has continued since in that field. He visits places along the railroad as

far as the great copper camp, Kennecott, 196 miles away. On Easter, 1919, the new and beautiful Church was consecrated. There is also a Rectory. This is an important field and the work is progressing.



#### **Chena—St. Barnabas'.**

There is a white community at Chena, ten miles below Fairbanks; also on the other side of the Tanana River and three miles away an Indian village. Work was established here by Rev. C. E. Betticher, of Fairbanks. Miss Margaret Wightman was first in charge, and she was succeeded by Miss Margaret Graves and Celia Wright, and finally by Miss B. E. Frederick. School for the children, medical attention, and general instruction in proper living, besides the religious instruction and services, has been the nature of the work. Unfortunately, the population of the native village is hardly large enough to warrant the heavy expense of maintaining the Mission, and since its closing, in 1917, the only work has been that of the visiting Priest, Rev. F. B. Drane.



#### **Selchaket—St. Luke's Mission.**

This is another of the Tanana Valley Missions, inaugurated under the Rev. C. E. Betticher, carried on under the Rev. Guy H. Madara, and at present by the Rev. F. B. Drane; with Miss Wightman, Miss Beulah Frederick, Mrs. Thompson, and Miss Effie L. Jackson as teachers and workers in succession. In January of this year, the Mission was closed, due to an emergency, and in the present stringent times it is thought necessary to discontinue the work of the resident missionary. The population, like that of Chena, is very small.



#### **Nenana—St. Mark's Mission.**

Founded in June, 1907, with Miss Annie Craig Farthing as its head. The

idea was to establish a boarding school for the native boys and girls of the Tanana and upper Yukon rivers, in a way very similar to the school at Anvik, on the lower Yukon. The Rev. C. E. Betticher, Priest in charge at Fairbanks, chose the site, started the work, for which great credit is due him. Since its founding the school has continued its great work of usefulness, and the general record of those who have gone out from under its training is a splendid testimonial to the effectiveness of its work. Indirectly, the adults of the Native Village adjoining have been uplifted. Miss Farthing died at her post, a martyr for this work, in 1910. Other leaders and workers have succeeded, carrying on with loyal, unselfish service; Miss Grider, Miss Bolster, Miss Wright, and Miss Blacknell, in order named. The present Superintendent, for this and the other Tanana Valley Missions being cared for, is the Rev. F. B. Drane. St. Mark's like the school at Anvik, is woefully handicapped by inadequate buildings and lack of support. Each year many more clamor for admittance than can be accommodated. Given a proper equipment, a sufficient staff of workers, and adequate support, and this Mission could double the number of pupils, as well as treble its usefulness.



#### **Allakaket—St. John's-in-the-Wilderness.**

Archdeacon Stuck, in visiting the upper Koyukuk, realizing the needs of the natives for some religious education, chose Allakaket as a Mission site, stayed there and superintended the erection of log buildings for Church, School and residence purposes. This was as early as 1907. Deaconess Clara M. Carter, with Miss Clara Heintz as companion (Mrs. G. Burke now), offered for this work. So far the Church services and the school have been carried on by the women workers. Miss





PICTURESQUE ST. JOHN'S-IN-THE-WILDERNESS

Ridgway and Miss Koster are at present in charge. This is another of many Missions of the Church, so remote in the Interior of Alaska as to make it hard to reach, and most expensive to operate. But it is worth while. And the very difficulties make it all the more creditable to the Church in caring for it. In all there are around 100 natives belonging to the Allakaket, and for the most part they are unusually healthy and promising.



**Tanana Crossing—St. Timothy's.**

This Mission was established by Rev. Charles E. Betticher, 1912. The alumnae of St. Timothy's School, Catonsville, Maryland, gave him \$5,000 for this object. Miss M. C. Graves, with Celia Wright as companion, was placed in charge. Miss Mabel H. Pick succeeded Miss Graves, and she was succeeded by Mr. E. A. McIntosh, and he by Mr. D. L. McConnell. This is one of the chain of Tanana Valley Missions and has been under the care of Rev. Charles E. Betticher, the Rev. Guy H. Madara,

and now the Rev. F. B. Drane.

It is a remote place—most difficult and expensive to work. But it is the center of a good country with an Indian population of about 200. Without our service of education and religious training, these poor people would be destitute of such privileges. We have maintained it when the worries almost broke our hearts. It should be maintained. A boarding school should be carried on and twenty children taken care of. It remains to be seen whether the Church will be heroic enough to do it. A splendid building was erected by Mr. McIntosh, and with this as the center, we are in a position to do an ever increasing work of usefulness.



**Seward—St. Peter's.**

St. Peter's, Seward, began in 1906. It was experiencing a boom owing to the building of a railroad. Through Mr. F. Stewart, of the railroad company, a beautiful Church was built. The work here has had its up and downs, as the town has had. We have



SEWARD — SHOWING ST. PETER'S CHURCH

only at short intervals been able to have a Clergyman in charge. The Rev. Charles E. Rice, Rev. E. H. Moloney and the Rev. G. J. Zinn served here, each for a short time. In 1919, a very nice Rectory was built alongside of the Church, completing a fine Church property. The Bishop has made frequent visits. The Rev. Thomas Jenkins spent several months here. The town is small, but has the promise of becoming one of some importance, as this is the logical terminus of the Government railroad being built from Anchorage to the Interior. The harbor is unexcelled, and below the winter range of ice, which makes it open all the year.



#### Anchorage—All Saints.

A Mission was established here upon the inception, a few years ago, of the new Government railroad. Services were held at intervals until the present

Priest, Rev. Edwin W. Hughes, took charge in the spring of 1917. A parish hall was built, and it is our only building at present. A Rectory and a Church are needed. It is a strategic point. The Rev. T. R. Howard, who came to us from the Presbyterian Church, was appointed to care for the people in new camps along the line of the railroad and coal section, but died two years later. There will be a great field here for a traveling missionary. Coal mines are being opened up, and the famous Matanuska region is within easy reach.



#### Stephen's Village, St. Andrew's Mission.

Situated about midway between Fort Yukon and Tanana, on the Yukon River, Stephen's Village lies in the heart of a good fur and fish section, and is a good location for a native village. Our Mission here was estab-



lished in 1914, Miss Effie L. Jackson being placed in charge. During her incumbency a very comfortable mission dwelling was built, and a chapel which also serves as the school-house. At present Miss H. M. Bedell is in

charge, and a very encouraging work is being done in the school, as well as in the village. Stephen's Village is a permanent native center, and a place that justifies a very active work on the part of the Mission.



## Nursing North of the Arctic Circle

By KATHARINE KOSTER, R. N.



URSING at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness is almost wholly visiting nursing, but in an emergency a patient can be brought to the Mission, and at times this is necessary.

Being so far removed from a physician, the Mission takes full care of all illness and surgical emergencies which occur among the native people, and as there are no "whites" here the work is entirely among the natives. Occasionally a miner traveling up or down the river has needed some slight care, but travelers are now few.

The majority of the village people are in normal health, but there is reason to believe we have several cases of quiescent tuberculosis, and within the past year two patients have shown symptoms of tubercular activity, a fact which causes anxiety, for, as is well known, the resistance to the tubercle bacillus is not strong among Alaska's natives. But it is good to know that both patients are co-operating in preventive methods, so we can hope others will not be carelessly exposed.

Experience has taught us, our people here are very susceptible to influenza in varying forms, and one person contracting a "cold" often means an epidemic, more or less severe. Last winter when the so-called Spanish influenza was raging in so many places we were also having an epidemic, but



Miss Ridgway and Miss Koster.

not of the world-wide scourge. And grateful we were to be spared its awfulness, for common influenza as we have it here is quite bad enough.

The first sign of our epidemic came when a man appeared at the Mission one morning, say he had a cold. Experience had taught us what to expect and we isolated his whole family at once. But the germ had already done its work and in two days every man, woman, and child was suffering with a headache, coryza, and a cough. But, with one exception, every patient's temperature was normal, thus enabling them to remain out of doors a great deal, for little can be said of the fresh air in the cabins during the winter.

The adults recovered in a surprisingly short time, but the children's bronchial irritation was persistent, and inhalations of tincture of benzoin alone did not give the relief we had hoped for. Among our supply of drugs were a few bottles of a cough syrup, prepared by a well-known firm of manu-

facturing chemists, the label on the bottle showing the ingredients of the preparation. Our stock on hand being too small for our needs, we resorted to the old-fashioned burnt sugar syrup, making a large quantity, then added to it the well-known—and effective—proprietary preparation.

As we have a large number of children here, each family required “a goodly amount of the fine medicine,” which met with no opposition on the part of the children. If the chemists learned how effective their product was, “spread out,” I believe we would be forever.

During the epidemic we closed the school, and upon reopening it, the children, during the session, would be given a lunch, wholly carbohydrate. This, to help them in their struggle back to normal health. Their home diet consisted largely of meat and fish, and in order to somewhat balance it, the teacher of the morning sessions (we share the school work) could be seen on her way to school, armed with the children’s lunch. The teacher of the afternoon sessions would do likewise, and eventually we got the results we were working for.

Occasionally a sick call comes from South Fork, a native village about twenty-five miles up the river. It takes almost two days—including all stops—to reach this village in the summer, with a poling-boat, but in the winter with a good dog team it can be reached in about seven hours.

Came a call from this village at one time when the thermometer was registering 55 degrees below zero, but preparations were made for the trip, and the next day being somewhat warmer, one of the village men volunteered to take me with his dog team and sled.

We left with the thermometer registering around 49 below zero, but

sufficient blankets and a fur robe insured comfort.

When we had traveled about half the distance, we stopped for lunch, at an unoccupied cabin whose sole article of furniture was a “Yukon” stove and enough dry wood to start a fire at once. My blankets served as a chair, and “Billy” found a log which answered his needs.

It had grown colder, but, by keeping near to the stove we were comfortable enough to enjoy a much-desired lunch.

Upon arriving at South Fork, I found a man very ill, probably due to a general toxemia. He had an abscess near the cervical glands which had ruptured spontaneously, but was still causing him a great deal of suffering. He had not slept for days, but after the first dressing he slept for hours, and felt so much better, he will, I believe, always feel grateful to an irrigator, normal salt solution, and anything that looks like a five-grain bromide tablet. In twenty-four hours he showed marked improvement, and when I left him several days later, his family had learned to do all that was necessary, and to be certain of the needed tonic being taken regularly, he insisted on having the bottle and his watch within reach, and doubtless because of his abundant faith in the said tonic, it helped greatly in toning up a much depleted system.

This is an instance where co-operation is seen, but as the work here must still be considered pioneer in many respects, there are cases where co-operation is entirely lacking, and one feels almost helpless, but not without hope that the future will bring a better understanding of the efforts being made, thus insuring better results.

Our minor surgical cases are numerous, for accidents will happen, and knives, axes, and even saws, play their



part in necessitating suturing of cuts. But when a tiny child of six or seven years is seen sawing and splitting wood, one wonders there are not more accidents.

Local infections are frequent, but secondary infections of clean wounds that have received attention are rare. The need for keeping clean wounds clean is generally understood.

When infections require incision for free drainage there is usually no opposition met with, and a local anaesthesia is always gratefully accepted.

Thus, the foregoing will probably give some idea of that part of the Church's work at Allakaket, which ministers to the bodies of these people, who, though isolated, form part of the great Brotherhood of Man.



## A Generous People



HE people of this village have been remarkably generous and thoughtful. The sled has been repaired, snowshoes mended, clothes washed, gloves made, and donations of dried salmon made. For all these things

the people would take nothing, saying that they desired to show how glad they were to have a minister visit them."—[Quotation from journal of winter trip to Stephen's Village.]

It was early in January that, having spent the four days set for the visitation of Miss Bedell's people, a spell of sixty below weather came upon us and held us three days longer. The prolongation of our visit was acceptable to us and to the people; profitable, too, since, while we could not travel nor could they, our series of services together could be continued. The entire population of the Village had waited for our coming and were ready to make for the hills when we should depart. There was one exception only: Chief Joseph and his family were wintering a three days' journey distant, and then I had opportunity of seeing at Beaver, where they received the Holy Communion.

There was, however, a serious problem facing us: the same which we were continually encountering this winter—how to feed the dogs. On arriving at

Stephen's Village we found that everyone was out of meat and fish: none could be purchased. Miss Bedell had succeeded in buying a few pounds of frozen lusk, which she had cached for us. This we cooked with cereal, hoping it would prove a satisfactory substitute for meat or salmon. It gave no satisfaction and the dogs became ill and lost spirit. The change of diet was working the havoc that it usually does among dogs. Theodore, the acting chief, heard of our predicament (I had said I would pay any price asked if I could thereby obtain even a few pounds of salmon), and took steps to help us.

The fish wheels of the village had yielded so little during the summer of 1919 that all but the best dogs had been killed off. These the people were able to feed and keep for the winter and spring hunting. Each family had a few fish saved up, and from this valuable store father or mother, son or daughter brot one fish to help the minister's dogs regain strength for the long journey northward. The spirit of the act was genuine and made an impression on me that is deep. I know they needed money, yet they flatly refused to take any. The experience is somewhat unique for me, but Miss Bedell saw in it an expression of the magnanimity which has made her work at Stephen's Village so pleasant and fruitful.

W. A. T.

## Acknowledgments

The Alaskan Churchman gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following:

St. Mark's Nenana — Miss. J. H. Rhoades, \$50; Miss Ruth Marsh, \$10; Mrs. E. W. Babcock, for Holy Cross Parish, Troy, N. Y., \$100; Mrs. C. H. Halenbeck, Treasurer, through Rev. G. H. Madara, \$12; S. S. Class of Frazier Mountain, Va., \$1; A Friend, \$200; Mrs. H. J. Gross, for All Saints' W. Aux. of Worcester, Mass, \$200; Mrs. Jacob Mersereau, \$100.

St. Timothy's Tanana Crossing—Mrs. Thos. Fleming, Ja., \$10; a thank offering from friend of Rev. C. E. Betticher, \$1,000; Dr. E. C. Butler, \$10; Mr. O. H. Cushman, \$10; Mr. C. B. Stroud, \$10.

General—Miss Olive Kennedy, \$10; Miss Annie S. Cameron, for school class, \$1.63; Miss B. E. Frederick, \$10; Mrs. R. A. Laberton, \$5; Mr. W. A. Coghill, \$10.

Summary—

Nenana .....	\$ 673.00
Tanana Crossing .....	1,040.00
General .....	36.63
Total .....	\$1,749.63

✦ ✦ ✦

## Appeals

The need of St. Mark's, Nenana, for clothing of all kinds is very acute. Some one once asked, "Why is it that you have to clothe the Indians of Alaska?" We do not have to clothe any of the Indians of Alaska except the children of our boarding schools at Anvik and Nenana. But it takes a great deal of clothing for twenty-seven active children in this severe climate. Last summer the supply that came in was far inadequate, and we were forced to telegraph out for over two hundred dollars' worth of overalls for the boys. The girls fared better.

But, besides clothing our children, we have to feed them. With clothing to trade to the Indians we are enabled to get much of the game and berries that we must have, to say nothing of obtaining our supply of moccasins for all those twenty-seven children. The clothing goes farther than cash would go, and the clothing enables the natives to be cleaner and more healthily dressed than their scanty means would afford.

So please send us a generous supply of clothing for our seventeen boys ranging from eight to eighteen years of age, and the ten girls ranging from eight to fifteen. Also clothing of all kinds and sizes for trading purposes. Serviceable used clothing is acceptable, and articles such as underwear, stockings, sweaters, aprons, and dresses are most sought after.

2. Also for St. Mark's, Nenana, please send material for making clothes. The girls are taught to sew, and with gingham, calico, and woollens they are able to make a good part of the clothing needed for themselves.

3. Also for St. Mark's, Nenana, bandages and gauze for hospital and dispensary use.

4. For Christ's School, Anvik, the sum of \$200—to provide for a scholarship for a child for one year.

5. The sum of \$200—to provide for a child at St. Mark's School, Nenana, for one year.

Note.—We formerly asked for \$100—but it actually costs us over \$200—to provide for each child annually, and this additional \$100 is asked at the request of Bishop Rowe.

6.—Books and magazines for the Red Dragon, Cordova; Everyman's Clubhouse, Valdez; All Saints' Church, Anchorage, and the Geo. C. Thomas Memorial Library, Fairbanks. Send all packages by mail, addressed as above.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

### DIOCESE.

Asheville	Mrs. F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.
Bethlehem.	Miss Edna R. Madara, Mauch Chunk, Penn.
California.	Rev. Frank P. Church, 1217 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.
Chicago.	Miss Carrie Menge, 921 E. 42d Place, Chicago.
Connecticut.	Mr. Rowland M. Beach, 16 France St. Norwalk, Conn.
Cuba.	Miss R. S. Harris, care Harris Bros. & Co., O'Reilly 104, Havana.
Dallas.	Mrs. Helen Easton, 1731 Pine St., Dallas, Tex.
Delaware.	Mrs. R. B. Rayner, 903 Franklin St., Wilmington, Delaware.
Fond du Lac.	Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Georgia.	Miss Gertrude J. Corney, 872 Highland Road, Augusta, Ga.
Indianapolis.	Miss M. J. Collis, 1314 First Ave., Evansville, Ind.
Iowa.	Mrs. John Arthur, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Louisiana.	Miss Gladys M. Fry, 908 Fern St., New Orleans.
Long Island.	Mrs. W. W. Sabine, Nyack Ave., Hollis, L. I., New York.
Los Angeles.	Miss Marriott, 2279 29th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.
Maryland.	Mr. H. W. Atkinson, 10 Bishop's Road Guilford, Baltimore.
Massachusetts	Miss S. E. Whittemore, 21 Carlton St., Brookline, Mass.
Milwaukee.	Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Minnesota.	Mrs. B. I. Stanton, 542 Portland Ave., St. Paul.
New Hampshire	Mrs. Robert Alex. Southworth, Little Boars Head.
New Jersey.	Miss M. F. Jones, 137 Aberdeen Road, Elizabeth.
New York.	Miss Alice Wood Daley, 447 St. Paul's Ave., Stapleton.
North Carolina	Miss Emma J. Hall, 809 N. Tryon St. Charlotte, N. C.

Oklahoma.	Mrs. Henry C. Dodson, 220 North Ninth St., Muskogee.
Pennsylvania.	Miss Ann Booth, Haverford.
Rhode Island.	Mrs. Winslow Upton, 30 Forest St., Providence.
Southern Ohio.	Mrs. W. K. Schoepf, 622 Oak St. Cincinnati.
Spokane.	Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St. Spokane, Wash.
Washington.	Miss F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C..
Western N. Y.	Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.



## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan Post Offices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Seward (other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail).

All points in the Interior that receive any mail in the Summer, receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik receives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any articles which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, Nenana, Alaska.

## DIRECTORY OF ALASKAN WORKERS

### BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble  
Rowe, D. D. (Office 418 Mutual Life Building,  
Seattle, Washington.)

### ARCHDEACON

The Venerable Hudson Stuck, D. D.,  
(Residence at Fort Yukon.)

### MISSION STATIONS

Allakaket (P. O. address, Allakaket, via  
Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket,  
Koyukuk River)—St. John's-in-the-Wil-  
derness:—

Miss Eleanor Ridgway.  
Miss Katharine Koster.

Anchorage—All Saints' Church:—  
Rev. Edwin W. Hughes.

Anchorage—Outlying Camps, Railroad  
work, etc:—

Anvik—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman.  
Deaconess A. G. Sterne.  
Mrs. F. H. Ollsen.

Chena—St. Paul's Chapel:—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission.)

Chena Native Village—St. Barnabas'—(See  
Tanana Valley Mission):—

Circle City—Church of the Heavenly  
Rest:—(Vacant.)

Cordova—St. George's Church Mission and  
Red Dragon Club House:—  
Rev. E. P. Ziegler.

Chitina—(Visited from Cordova.)

McCarthy—(Visited from Cordova.)

Kennecott—(Visited from Cordova.)

Douglas Island—St. Luke's Church:—

Eagle—St. Paul's Mission:—  
Mr. B. W. Gaither.

Fairbanks—St. Matthew's Church and  
Reading Room:—Camps Visited: Ester  
City, Chatanika, Livengood.  
Vacant.

Fort Yukon—St. Stephen's Mission and  
Hospital:—  
Dr. Grafton Burke.

Ketchikan—St. John's Church, Hospital  
and School:—  
Rev. Richard C. Jenkins.  
Mrs. J. H. Mollneux.  
Miss Edith Harper.

Juneau—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—

Very Rev. Guy D. Christian, Dean.  
Camps Visited:—Thane and Perseve-  
rance.

Latouche—Visited from Valdez.

Nenana—St. Mark's Mission (see Tanana  
Valley Mission.)

Miss B. B. Blacknell.  
Miss E. L. Jackson.  
Miss Myrtle Rose.  
Miss Fern Rose.

Nome—St. Mary's Church:—

Point Hope (Tigara)—St. Thomas' Mis-  
sion:—

Rev. W. A. Thomas.

Rampart—St. Andrew's Mission:—Vacant.

Salchaket—St. Luke's Mission:—

Seward—St. Peter's Church:—  
Rev. George John Zinn.

Sitka—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

Skagway—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

Stephen's Village:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

Tanana—St. James' Church:—  
Vacant.

Tanana Indian Village—Mission of Our  
Saviour:—

Deaconess Mabel H. Pick.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

Tanana Crossing—St. Timothy's Mission—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission):—  
Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McConnell.

Tanana Valley Mission—Including Native  
Missions along the Tanana River:—  
Office of Tanana Valley Mission, Nenana

Rev. Frederick B. Drane (P. O. address,  
Nenana.) See also Chena, Chena Native  
Village, Nenana, Salchaket, and Tanana  
Crossing.

Valdez—Epiphany Church:—  
Rev. George John Zinn.

Wrangell—St. Phillip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

Missionaries on furlough in the States  
(address at the Church Missions House,  
281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.)  
Miss Barlow.  
Miss Alice Wright.  
Rev. E. P. Ziegler.



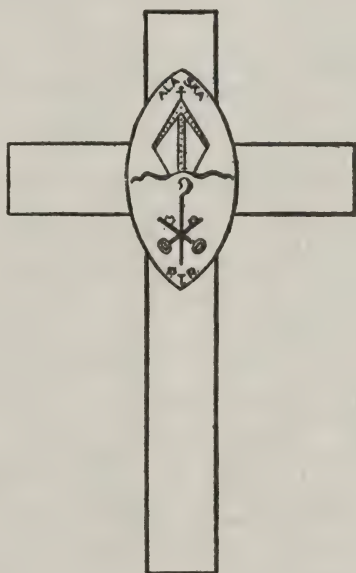
# The Alaskan Churchman

"O, ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever."

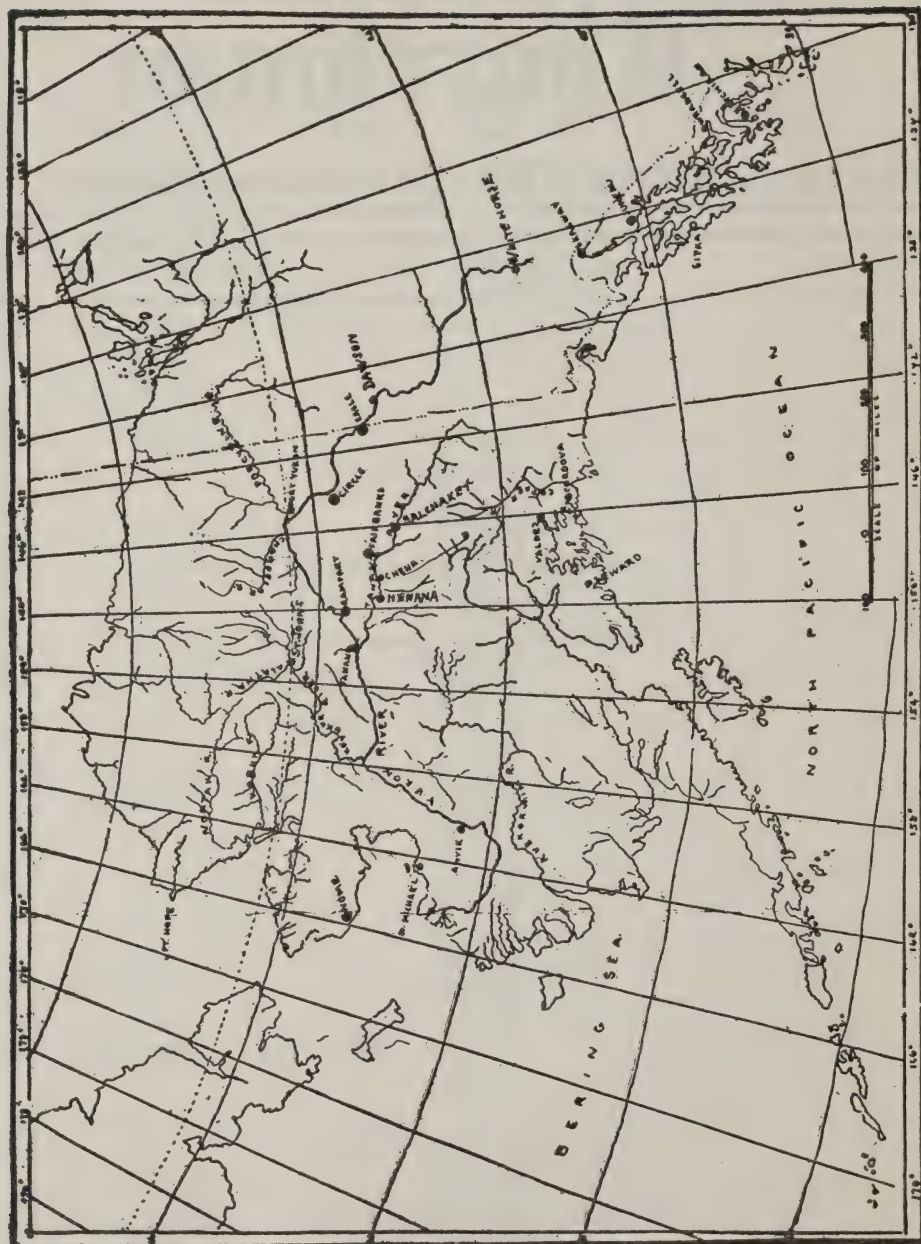
VOL. XIV

AUGUST, 1920

NO. 4



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
AT NENANA  
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE  
CHURCH'S WORK IN  
ALASKA.





## The Alaskan Churchman

Published Quarterly at Nenana in the  
Interests of the Church's  
Work in Alaska.

REV. F. B. DRANE  
Editor and Publisher.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 Per Year.

Entered as second-class matter September 9, 1919, at the postoffice at Nenana, Alaska, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

To the best of our knowledge the statements set forth in this paper are true to fact in every particular.

In using printed blanks be sure to write your name and address plainly. This will avoid mistakes and delay.

In sending change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Make checks and money orders payable to The Alaskan Churchman.

AUGUST, 1920

### BISHOP ROWE AS A PIONEER.

Few men in this generation are called on to take up such a pioneer work as befell Peter Trimble Rowe, when he was made Bishop of the Missionary District of Alaska, in 1896. At that time the Church had sent to this little known country only two or three clergymen, and one doctor. It remained for Bishop Rowe to take up the strenuous work of being the first bishop of his Church for a country as large as a dozen of the established Eastern dioceses and found new missions here and there as the country grew and developed.

In 1896, as the Bishop's record will show, the coast of Alaska was but sparsely settled, and the Interior was hardly known to the public at large. Yet Bishop Rowe became our Bishop just as the country was about to have a new birth. For in 1897, with the discovery of gold in the Klondike, men streamed through up the Yukon and crowded by the thousands on the coast at Skagway. Soon gold was discovered at Rampart, and then at Nome,

and this meant more travel, and more people. Finally, Fairbanks became a "camp," and by 1906, Alaska must have had a population of many times what it had when Bishop Rowe first came into the country.

When he made his first trip into the Interior, he had to pack his outfit over the mountains, and haul it on a sled over ice and snow. Then build a boat of lumber sawn out of logs by hand. At that time our Church had but three stations, St. James', at the Old Fort Adams, Christ's Church at Anvik, and St. Thomas' at Pt. Hope. But soon conditions were to change, and now, while the country is still as far away as ever, there is splendid steamer service up the coast from Seattle and up and down the Yukon. Missions have sprung into being and died again as the population came and went. From three stations visited the first year, the number once reached thirty-five. As many as seven hospitals have been built. School work has been maintained in at least twelve places. And the number of clergy and workers grew to as many as thirty-two.

To us in Alaska statistics mean very little, as conditions both among the natives and the whites are always changing. Yet what we do wish to impress is that Bishop Rowe had a work of trail blazing, and trail breaking, and he went about it dauntless and undismayed. The distances to be covered, and the lack of traveling facilities, would have deterred any but the hardiest of men,—but Bishop Rowe is this type, a pioneer among pioneers, and as hardy and brave as any frontiersman. Whatever may be said of what the Church has failed to do in Alaska, yet we may point with pride to the fact that Bishop Rowe was in the country ahead of the stampede, and that he was ever with the first whenever there was a new camp made.

And now the trails are broken, and

routes established. Camps have come and gone, and this country is a very different one from what it was twenty-five years ago. But the work that has been done, and is being done, is all testimony to the vigorous efforts of our dearly loved Bishop. He did the pioneering, and the way is now easier for some one else to follow, be it one of our lone women workers set off among the Indians in some small village, or be it one of the clergy doing the best he can from place to place. The fact that he is one of "Bishop Rowe's outfit," means that he or she will have a hearing and fair play.

What may be the Bishop's feelings as he reviews his twenty-five years of service in this country we cannot say. Certainly he can look with satisfaction on the improved means of transportation, and perhaps take some consolation in the fact that the railroad now being built will mean additional facility for getting about in his territory. Yet while travel may be easier than when he first broke trail over the Chilcoot Pass, and "necked" his sled down to Lake LeBarge, still Bishop Rowe faces conditions today that are no better than what he had when he first began his bishopric. We refer to the financial support of his work. Last year found him with a debt of some \$19,000, incurred merely in the upkeep of the work in hand. The outlook for the future, with the fearful increase in the cost of supplies for the work and the workers, is no brighter. The Nation Wide Campaign, of which we hoped so much, has not improved things from our standpoint. Matters are worse if anything.

And yet with conditions as they are financially, it is hard for the Bishop to abandon small stations which in some cases are our last stand in a long-continued battle against very deplorable conditions,—we think of Tan-

ana as we write this. He still staggers along under the heavy financial burdens that rest on his shoulders. Stalwart those shoulders were for the grind of the trail or the river, but the weight of financial responsibility will break any man who fails to secure support. And so we who know the Bishop realize that unless the Church can come to his rescue, he will have to abandon a great deal of the work undertaken, or plod wearily on with a yearly increasing debt.

But in all this there is a way out. There is soon to be launched a campaign for what is to be known as the "Bishop Rowe Foundation Fund of \$100,000." If this effort is properly handled, it should be possible to secure this sum. And with this as a foundation, the annual proceeds will do a great deal to support the work in hand and prevent a collapse of what the Bishop is undertaking in the name of our Church. As a token of gratitude for the pioneer work of Bishop Rowe, if for no other reason, a generous response to this Fund should be made throughout Alaska, and throughout the whole of the United States as well.



On Trinity Sunday, May 30th, at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Juneau, Alaska, Bishop Rowe advanced to the Priesthood, Rev. R. D. Jenkins, D. D., of Ketchikan.

At a meeting of the Council of Advice for Alaska, at Juneau, in July, the applications for admission as Candidates for Holy Orders from Mr. Robert Tatum and Mr. B. W. Gaither were acted upon. Mr. Tatum is from Fairbanks, and has been studying at the University of the South (Sewanee) for two or three years. Mr. Gaither, after his discharge from the Air Service in the Army, volunteered for the Church's army in Alaska, and has been in charge of the Mission at Eagle.





PETER TRIMBLE ROWE, D. D., BISHOP OF ALASKA

## Our Bishop

By REV. JOHN W. CHAPMAN, D. D.



It is now eight years since we had the pleasure and the honor of welcoming at Anvik the Bishop and the clerical and lay members of the first and last convocation having a generally representative character, ever held by our Mission in Alaska.

If that convocation were noteworthy for nothing else, it ought to be remembered for one thing. That is, for its testimony to the estimation in which our Bishop is held by his own people.

While we were in session, we learned that a proposal had been made, which,

if accepted by the Bishop, would result in his loss to this district. The feeling that was freely expressed in private need not be dwelt upon now; but it may be well to quote from the resolutions that were made public at the time that we adopted them. The full text was printed in the August, 1912, number of *The Alaskan Churchman*. The paragraph referred to reads as follows:

"It is fresh in our minds that twice within the last few years the House of Bishops has attempted by the exercise of its authority over Missionary jurisdictions to translate Bishop Rowe to

some other field of labor, which translation the Bishop has resisted and refused.

"Now, therefore, this Convention desires to enter its respectful protest against such attempts, and to express the earnest hope that this Missionary jurisdiction may be left in peace to enjoy the episcopal authority and oversight of one specially and peculiarly suited to its needs—who has never yet failed in physical ability to exercise his arduous duties, and shows no sign now of any such failure—and who has given such repeated evidence that he is wedded to his work."

Just previous to the adoption of these resolutions, Bishop Rowe had made a formal statement of his intention to decline the invitation that he had received. Immediately after their adoption, and before any further business was undertaken, the Convention adjourned to the Church, where a Service of Thanksgiving was held. No one whose privilege it was to be present at that service is likely to forget the deep emotion that swept it, as though by the breath of the Spirit. We felt that more than ever the Bishop was our Bishop. It seemed to us that nothing should ever be permitted to sever the ties that bound us together.

Scattered as we are over such a vast territory and unable from the nature

of the conditions in which we are placed to have frequent communication with our chief pastor, we can have but an imperfect idea of the burden which rests upon him. It is only from time to time, when a need has been anticipated, or a forceful word has been spoken, that we gain some conception of the difficulties of administration. It is only when personal burdens are unexpectedly lightened and when wandering souls are restored to paths of righteousness and of peace, that we realize something of the demands that are made upon the sympathies of the shepherd.

Therefore we greet our Bishop in this anniversary year, with fresh assurances of our love, and fresh pledges of our support. We trust that it may be a year of such a demonstration of confidence from the Church at large, that his labors may be lightened and his heart cheered for many years to come. We pray that in the good providence of God, it may be a time of repairing of breaches, of strengthening the posts already established and extending the work into fields that are still unoccupied; and that upon pastor and people alike the Spirit of peace may rest, and enable us to receive one another and to have confidence in one another, until the Master's will shall be done in us and through us.



## Historical Sketch of Bishop Rowe

By REV. GUY D. CHRISTIAN, DEAN



ISHOP ROWE was born in Meadowvale, near Toronto, Canada, in 1856, and was graduated from the University of Toronto in 1878.

Few men had training in their earlier ministry which so thoroughly fitted them for their life-work, the first five years of

which were spent among Indians and whites on the Indian reservation at Garden River, Lake Huron. In 1884 he was asked to leave this work in Canada and take charge of scattered missions among the Indians in the Soo country, Northern Michigan.

Ten years later (in 1895), the Missionary District of Alaska was established by General Convention, Bishop





BISHOP ROWE IN HIS STUDY

Rowe was called to be the first Bishop, and on St. Andrew's Day, 1895, he was consecrated for the post which, perhaps beyond any other in the American Church, makes greater demands upon physical courage and endurance, and requires executive and administrative ability of the highest order—since work must be planned months ahead because of the magnificent distances and the long periods during which communication with missions is uncertain or altogether impossible; a post, also, which demands the most unflinching faith, the patience and kindness of a saint, and a love of souls like the Master's Himself.

He began his work in Alaska with the same vigor, zeal, and practical devotion that had marked all his previous ministry—a continuous ministry now in Alaska of 25 years of the most strenuous service, which has made him known as the friend of every man—white, Indian, and Eskimo—their companion and father-in-God—and the best-known and best-beloved citizen of Alaska.

Over this great territory, Bishop Rowe, with others whom he has inspired with something of his own spirit, has traveled and spread the Gospel of Jesus the Christ—establishing churches, schools, and hospitals, for the spiritual and physical healing of the people;

club-houses to counteract the influences of dance-hall and saloon, or, near the fish-racks on the rivers, in the midst of the blinding smoke and mosquitoes, with the natives, telling them of God's love, saying the Church's prayers, baptizing and instructing, much to the great joy and gladness of these simple people.

Years before the present steamboat lines down the Yukon or the railroad into the Interior or the Government trails had been established, Bishop Rowe traversed this wilderness—sometimes building his own boat and shooting the rapids in summer, or with dog-team in winter blizzard and Arctic darkness making his way from point to point, involving marches of 1,000 or even 2,000 miles, visiting villages and camps, establishing the missions and schools among the natives, and hospitals and churches among the white people as soon as the great gold-rushes and stampedes began, when thousands of men from all over the country flocked to Dawson, Nome, Fairbanks, and elsewhere. Here they and their families found church and hospital ready to minister to their bodies and souls, and teach their children.

Perhaps in no other section or land are the joy and brightness of the Church's services, the comfort and strength of the Sacraments, and the attractiveness of the various activities and enterprises of the Church, needed or appreciated as here.

To this land of darkness or too much nervous light, of cold in winter or rain in summer, of gloom and dreariness, or over-excitement and rush, of narrowness and cut-offness from the world, of disappointment and sorrow, of bereavement and disillusionment—to this land where so many come with high hopes and eager plans—Bishop Rowe has brought the Church, to follow and minister to Her children, to bind up their wounds, to comfort and encour-

age them, to cheer and brighten their lives, to steady and restrain them, to arouse them tenderly and lovingly to a sense of their dependence upon and obligation to the good God whose love had followed them to the ends of the earth and waited patiently for them all these years.

As illustrating the touching affection of the native people for their Bishop and father-in-God, one of them writes to him:

"When you come to Mentasta, please you make big Church, and try help all people get straight in God way. I waiting here for you and I been waiting all summer. You come here then all this country you make light and then I be glad. All children and every one want to see you. Sure you make light this country if you come, and if you no come every one be too much sorry. You help me.

"Your friend,

"MAGGIE JOHN."

I have been asked to tell what Bishop Rowe means to us in Alaska. That is not possible to an outsider. One has to live in Alaska in order to realize what our Bishop does mean to us. Not only has most of our present work in Alaska been established, nurtured, fostered, and shepherded by our beloved Bishop; but he it is who comes along and, with his cheering and kindly and lovely and sympathetic and brave and encouraging spirit and words and deeds and inspiration sets us up again, straightens out everything, takes the burdens, gives us new life. His very presence in the house is a benediction. His name is the password to the heart and the interest of anyone anywhere.

The personal devotion he draws out of you towards him makes you realize what a noble and wonderful thing is true Christian character, what a splendid thing the true Christian soldier is, what a truly romantic thing the Christian adventure of faith and service is,



and helps to strengthen one's faith in or hold on the reality of one's personal devotion to our Lord the Christ.

And so, in honoring him—as we wish to do on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopate—we are paying tribute to our Lord whose servant and soldier he has been these 35 years, and Who has done so much through him; and it is small earthly recognition (yet

all he will permit) that we establish the Bishop Rowe Foundation Fund which will bear witness as long as this world lasts to the labors and sacrifices, the sturdy Christian manhood, the faith and devotion of Peter Trimble Rowe, the first apostle of Alaska, and will help assure the proper equipment and maintenance of the mission to which he has given his life.



## Bishop Rowe as an Inspiration

By REV. H. H. LUMPKIN.



ANY who have known Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe much longer than I, and who therefore have much more right to speak than I will contribute to this number of The Alaskan Churchman.

And yet it is a privilege to have the opportunity of adding just a few words to those who will unite in rendering this tribute of praise and affection to one of the Church's greatest assets of this present time. Well do I remember the story of how a group of men, sitting in the smoker of a transcontinental train, were discussing the lamentable lapse of a man in the Christian ministry, from the way of truth and right, and who had finally to give up his life in expiation for his crime. The atmosphere seemed dark to all of them. If that were the action of men purporting to represent Christianity, what could be its hold for men? And just one of them turned the pages of his paper, and found an item of a Bishop of the Church in Alaska, who year by year, unheralded and unsung, traveled literally thousands of miles, ministering to the people, white and native, of his vast territory. Summer and winter, heedless of self, and thinking only of his ministerings, preaching, teaching, baptiz-

ing, burying, nursing,—whatever might come to hand. And one of the men thoughtfully said, "That more than makes up for the other." And thus the life and ministry of a Bishop of the Arctic, unknown to himself, had helped to tide over a bitter moment in the attitude of a group of men traveling across our continent.

No one who has ever had the opportunity of being with Bishop Rowe in any way, can help being impressed by his robust and virile Christianity. And yet no one who knows him, can help but feel to the deepest degree the gentle and simple character of the man. My children went to his knee as simply and unconsciously as to mine. He was a friend of the children and they knew it. He was a friend of all, and no matter what the type of man or woman who needed help, the Bishop's hand went out to help.

It has often been said that the Church's ideal of Her Bishops is that they shall be the bishops of every soul in their Diocese or jurisdiction. Bishop Rowe surely fulfilled this ideal. His sympathies were certainly with every man, woman, and child in Alaska. His feeling was that Alaska was a country destined to great things, and in every possible way he endeavored to place this idea and hope before the people of the country. And in a great

degree it is possible to say that the increase of interest manifested in Alaska in recent years has been fostered and furthered by the work and character of Bishop Rowe.

From my standpoint, as I saw the work of the Church's Mission in Alaska, the Gospel charge has certainly been fulfilled. Christ said, "Go Preach," "Go Teach," and "Go Heal." These three commands comprise all that He laid upon His followers. And that certainly has been the policy of the Church's work in Alaska as outlined and followed by our great Arctic Apostle, Peter Trimble Rowe. For wherever a new camp struck its roots into the land; wherever men congregated together to strive to win from the hills and valleys of Alaska her treasures, there Bishop Rowe, or some one of his representatives, was among the first on the ground, seeking to carry the Church's message of help and strength. Reading Room, Church and Hospital would rise side by side, thus ministering to all the needs of man. And in the work among the native peoples of Alaska, it has been the same policy so far as the general

Church made it possible to work. It is true that many times the Bishop's soul would be torn because he could not secure sufficient funds to do needed work. But so far as he could, the work went on. Hospitals, Schools and Churches, manned often by heroic women alone, carried on the work of the Alaskan Mission, thus fulfilling the threefold command of Christ.

And now this leader of the Church Militant stands with a quarter century of service behind him. With unswerving loyalty to the Church; with indomitable faith in the power of Christianity; with unconquerable trust in God's leadership and guidance, he has labored without ceasing. The power and strength of his manly Christianity have spread throughout the length and breadth of Alaska, and indeed of all our land. For wherever the name of the Church is known, there also is known the name of Bishop Rowe. And in this time, the whole Church rises up and calls his blessed, and thanks God for that it pleases Him to give us such men to lead and guide the work of the Church, and to inspire us to greater deeds and service for Him.



## The Alaskan Workers' Gift



As an expression of the admiration and affection for our veteran Bishop, the workers have presented him with a study or office room for his home near Seattle. We wanted to do something for his Twenty-

Fifth Anniversary as Bishop of Alaska, and everyone of us being poor "as Church mice," we desired to make the gift something really practical. Credit goes to Dean Christian, and to Rev. Mr. Hoare, for discovering that all this time the poor Bishop has not had a study or office to his home, and no

private place where he could do his work, and take care of his files, etc. So, with the enthusiastic approval of Mrs. Rowe, it was decided to make our gift to the Bishop in the form of a new room to his house to be used as a study, office, and perhaps also at times for an oratory.

Mr. Hoare started the fund with his gift of \$100—the rest of us fell in line as best we could, and so the amount necessary was raised, through the efforts of Dean Christian.

While the Bishop was away for the period of two or three months, on one of his regular visitations, the new room



was added. Imagine the surprise and delight of this wayfaring man returning to find his home thus tampered with! Mrs. Rowe informs us that after his first astonishment, he could only say, "Well, upon my word!" And Mrs. Rowe says that, "I can truthfully say that I never saw any one quite so happy over a gift as he was over this. He looked it all over, exclaiming all the while on its perfections; 'a perfect gem,' he declared. The proportions, the furnishings, and especially the book-cases, were all a source of the greatest delight to him. Today he has only stirred out of it to meals or for fuel, for the fire going in the open fireplace."

So we are glad that our gift was something so practical and has been the source of so much delight to our Bishop.

We give the correspondence in connection with the presentation of the gift, and the Bishop's letter of appreciation:

"Juneau, Alaska, May 29, 1920.

"Rt. Rev. P. T. Rowe, D. D.,

"Bishop of Alaska,

"Seattle, Wash.

"Dear Bishop:

"On behalf of all the clergy and other mission-workers in Alaska,—together with the Rev. Mr. Lumpkin, the Rev. Mr. Newton, the Rev. Mr. Betticher, and Sister Bertha Sabine, I have the great happiness of presenting to you this room,—as a study, office, and oratory, (if you desire), asking that you will accept it as our personal token of our love and loyalty and gratitude for all you have been to us as our Bishop, and, also, as our own personal thanksgiving to God for your twenty-five years' service as Bishop of Alaska. With it go our prayers for many years of health, strength, and all blessedness for you and yours.

"Faithfully and affectionately yours,  
"G. D. CHRISTIAN."

"Seattle, Wash., July 2, 1920.

"The Very Rev. Guy D. Christian,

"Dean of Holy Trinity Cathedral,

"Juneau, Alaska.

"My dear Dean:

"It is always a great pleasure to 'rejoice and give thanks'; but there are times and events where this is especially the case. The presentation to me of a room, as a study, on this my twenty-fifth anniversary as the Bishop of Alaska, by the Clergy, and the other mission workers of Alaska, together with the Rev. Mr. Lumpkin, the Rev. Mr. Newton, the Rev. Mr. Betticher, and Sister Bertha Sabine, is one of these special events which touch the deep hidden springs and call out a flowing river of joy and thanksgiving.

"To come home and find this beautiful, well-appointed study, was as great a surprise as it was a thankful delight. As a 'token of personal love and loyalty and gratitude' from co-workers through these many years, it was one so practical, useful and delightful, that I cannot find words which would fully express my deep, deep appreciation and gratitude to the beloved fellow workers who have given it. In building a home I built it for the family. A study for myself was not considered, because, as I was so continually away from home, the necessity of one was not apparent. Now, however, as the years compel some lessening of my labors, this study will be more and more appreciated and used. In thanking you, one and all, with a full heart for this gift, I would also thank you for your prayers and good wishes, for the loyal and loving support you have ever given me, and praying God to bless you and yours, giving you great joy in your noble work and such success as God in His wisdom may grant you.

"Faithfully and affectionately yours,

"P. T. ROWE,

"Bishop of Alaska."

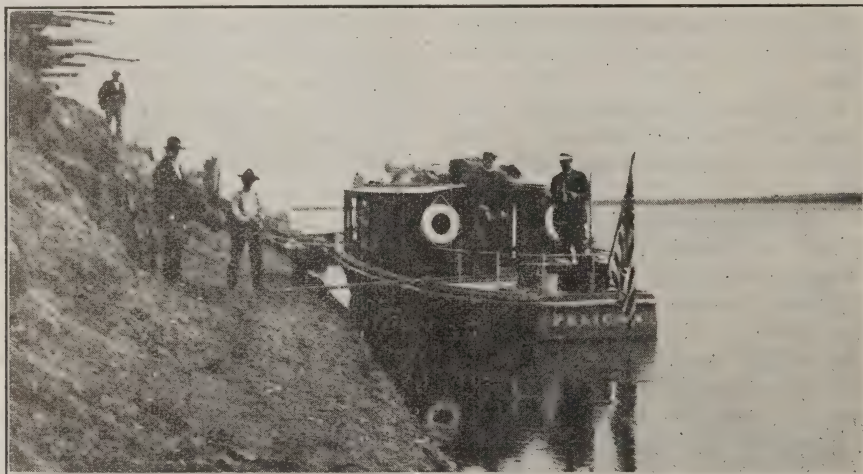
## An Episcopal Mendicant

By ARCHDEACON STUCK.



UCH has been made, in a great deal that has been written, of the physical privations and hardships that have attended the labors of missionaries in Alaska; and they have indeed been sufficiently noteworthy beyond the ordinary accompaniment of pioneer missionary work to be deserving of record, and to justify the prominence that has been given them—if there were any point to that prominence. The greater part of these privations and hardships were, how-

fervent dwelling upon rigors of climate and lack of comforts and conveniences which have been his everyday experience for years. Accustomed as he is to them, he becomes somewhat disdainful of a parade of them and does not realize that the missionary is tempted to dilate upon them because the public is avid of them. Religious editors nowadays are inclined to be tinctured with the sensationalism of the daily papers and there is a tendency to "write up" missionary articles in a taking style. The modern appetite, whetted by long series of photo-



BISHOP ROWE AND ARCHDEACON STUCK

ever, the common lot of Alaskan pioneers, especially in the earlier days of the occupation of the Territory,—were shared with the miners and prospectors, hunters and trappers and mail-carriers, were the necessary attendants of any effort at evangelization of the Interior of Alaska. It is sometimes mortifying to hear the snort with which a "sourdough" or "roughneck" reads the harrowing details of an ordinary cross-country journey, with a

plays, requires that everything be turned into melodrama before it can be swallowed with gusto.

So when I am asked to write something for The Alaskan Churchman about the twenty-five years' episcopate of Bishop Rowe, I turn with relief from narratives of fatigues and exposures, of short rations and low temperatures, of perils and escapes, all of which I feel sure will be amply dealt with in this anniversary number, and



all of which the Bishop is habitually reticent except under pressure, to a consideration of the more humdrum, but much more anxious and really onerous task of supervising the work throughout the district and of securing the funds necessary for its prosecution. Taking for granted that hardness which the missionary is enjoined to endure as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, I am confident that Bishop Rowe would set down the raising of the funds for his work as his heaviest responsibility during these twenty-five years.

The Board of Missions does the best it can, and, one feels sure, has always done the best it could, with the resources at its disposal. In some respects it has been complaisant to Alaska; has shown a willingness to consider and concede the special charges which the physical conditions of the work involve. The Board is multi-shouldered and stalwart, and doubtless bears much blame that should not be laid upon it. It is no purpose of mine to add thereto. Alaska has only gratitude to the Board of Missions.

Yet it is an old story of the missionary episcopates that they are turned loose upon their work with all the means of doing it to seek: that the consecration service over, the new bishop is despatched to his new work with little more than a set of vestments from the parish of which he had been the rector, and, perhaps, an episcopal ring from the clergy who had been his brethren.

The Board does not build churches or schools or rectories or hospitals. It will provide stipends or parts of stipends for clergy whom the bishop discovers and induces to come to him, and for the rest it allows the bishop to solicit funds. Of course, we understand that all this is to be changed by the Nation Wide Campaign, and every missionary bishop is hoping and pray-

ing that the change may indeed come.

But all through his quarter of a century of office it has been Bishop Rowe's task to secure a great part of all the moneys expended in Alaska by solicitation among the parishes of the older dioceses. He was a compelling and constraining figure, newly come out of the waste places of the earth, newly come from "silent, smoky Indians" of the Yukon, from the fur-clad Eskimos of the Arctic coast, from the little companies of white men pushed further into the cold and darkness of the frigid zone than even the quest for gold had lured men before; from living their life and sharing their food and their quarters. The story he told moved as much by the modesty and simplicity of the teller as by its strange facts. There was always a drawing back rather than a pushing forward, a waiting rather than an anticipation; there was no eagerness to be heard; he always took the lowest seat and waited to be asked up higher.

Some of us indeed who listened to those early narratives at General Conventions of the Church were indignant at the little and perfunctory regard shown him by the "lords of the articles" in their arrangements for public speaking, and at San Francisco, when his time was so intruded upon and overlapped by an important, loquacious layman from the East, that he had a scant ten minutes at the end of a long night meeting for the story he had come so far to tell, we made arrangements to secure a church and to gather a special audience for him; from which time and place dates my own resolve to go to him if he should ask me.

In the great parishes he was always warmly received, I think, and as he went his rounds he interested generous persons here and there who contributed to his work and enabled buildings to be erected and equipment to be provided. But the ceaseless burden of such so-

licitation, the need of long absences from his jurisdiction and constant travel and speaking, if the enterprises already set on foot were to be maintained and others started—all this was more trying and wearing, I am sure, than the hardships and privations of the winter trail. I warrant the Bishop had rather have been traveling with the dog-sled over the snow and ice of the Interior than rolling in Pullman cars from town to town and making his reiterated appeals for financial support. It had to be done and it was

done; sometimes with gratifying success and sometimes amidst continual discouragements; it was done, and the work went on and grew and spread. But as Bishop Rowe looks back on those twenty-five years, I am sure that his advocacy and mendicancy, the long months spent away from his people and his work, the anxious days and nights lest his funds should be insufficient to meet his bills and provision his far-flung stations, took much greater toll of his strength and spirit than all the hardships of the North.



## On the Firing Line

By BISHOP ROWE.



WAS elected as the Bishop of Alaska at the General Convention held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, October, 1895. The consecration service was held in St. George's Church, New York City, St. Andrew's

Day, November 30th, 1895. I returned to Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and tarried with my beloved people of St. James' Parish until my successor as Rector came to take charge.

He came early in January, 1896, and the Sunday he assumed charge was memorable because of severe snow-storms and a four-foot fall of snow. Leaving with my family, we traveled by way of Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, spending a few days in each place. In every place I found the Clergy and members of the Church interested in the first Bishop on his way to Alaska and wonderfully kind. In all the services and meetings held an unusual spirit seemed to be present.

The dear Presiding Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D. D., in St. Louis, gave me a loving welcome and speeded me on my way with his bless-

ing. The Bishop of Los Angeles, Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, though elected, had not as yet reached Los Angeles. Bishop Nichols, of the Diocese of California, welcomed me with great kindness. The heroic Missionary Bishop of Oregon, Benjamin Wistar Morris, was equally sympathetic. For some days, I was the guest of Bishop Barker in Tacoma. Here the Rev. Henry Beer, who was appointed to be the missionary at Juneau, joined me.

Anticipating a journey across the mountains and through the Interior of Alaska, I bought an "outfit" in Seattle and engaged a young man, Dick Emmons, to accompany me. The day came to say good-bye to civilization and we sailed on the City of Topeka for Juneau, leaving my family in Tacoma.

After a sea journey of five days, we arrived at Juneau. We touched only at Ketchikan on the way, then only a small saltery with one white family and a few Indians; also at Wrangell, one of the earliest white settlements, consisting of a white and Indian population of several hundred in all.

At this latter place, we took on a few passengers. In conversation with



one of these, he said: "I have no use for missionaries." This rather chilled my enthusiasm. I wondered what reason there could be for such a remark. I learned in time that it was because the missionaries had, so far, let it be understood that they had come to work on behalf of the Indians, that they "had no use for the white people." Then I understood, and there was no more surprise. I there and then determined that this opinion would be changed. And, thank God, it has been, as I verily believe and know.

But, how shall I describe Juneau and my advent there? It is impossible in the space at my disposal. First we had great difficulty in finding even a small room in a small cabin that night where we could lay our blankets. But we succeeded. The town was small and crowded. It was an out-fitting place for the few men who were adventuring into parts far and near to prospect. It was a "night" town at the time. There were several theaters, dance halls and gambling places. By day the place was quiet. But all night long there was life and lights and music. Close by was the mining town of Treadwell.

Religiously, the town was served with a Roman Catholic Priest, who had his own Church building. There was a Presbyterian minister, but his services were for the Indians. The only minister, outside of the Roman Catholic Priest, who ministered solely to the white people, was the Rev. Dr. Nevins, whom Bishop Barker had loaned and sent to Juneau temporarily. Finding him ill, I waited on him and feel that pneumonia was accordingly averted. He left soon after our arrival.

There was a quaint little log church, called the "Union Church." It was some years later sold by the Presbyterians and turned, I am sorry to say, into a brewery. I had tried to buy it. However, it was in this "Union Church"

that Mr. Beer and I held services from the first. Our Church people were few, but were deeply appreciative. Two lots had been obtained for a Church. I made the final payment on them. Then plans were made for the building of a Church and Rectory, which plans were carried out under the Rev. Henry Beer, Priest in charge, while I was absent on my first long journey. The Rectory was built from such funds as my friends in the States had given me. The Church was largely built by the donations of Juneau people.

A visit was now made to Sitka "the beautiful" and the capital. Here I leased an unfinished house for a home for my family. I would have probably made Juneau the Bishop's residence, only neither house nor lot could be found. Returning to Juneau, I soon started, with my companion, for my journey into the Interior.

#### OFF ON MY FIRST JOURNEY

Amid the farewell wishes of Juneau friends, we sailed on a tug for Dyea, the head of Lynn Canal. This journey of 100 miles through inland waters, past numerous islands, with mountains snow covered on either side and mighty glaciers here and there, was one never to be forgotten. At Dyea, we had to wade ashore in top rubber boots, breaking the ice and packing ashore our outfit on our backs. There was a small trading post here. Chilcat Indians, anything but friendly, were camped around. With our sleds, two, loaded with about 450 pounds to the sled, the rope about our necks, we set our faces to the north, the unknown, so far as our knowledge went, and tugged our loads along. Soon we were in a deep, narrow canyon, where the precipitous rocks rose beyond the sight of our eyes. The falling waters were deafening. We were alone in the great wilderness. The foot of Chilcoot Pass—and "Pass" seems wrong—was final-



SERVICE IN AN INDIAN CABIN

ly reached. Here and there we had to circle great ice blocks that had rolled down from the heights. It took us days of heart-breaking work to climb, with packs of 100 pounds on our backs, up this last steep 1,500 feet of Chilcoot Pass.

It was here, in 1898, that 80 lives were overwhelmed in an avalanche. In 1898 there were so many men bent on getting over this Pass that steps were cut in the snow up this steep, with side places where the over weary could rest, with a line running from the bottom to the top, and pictures show a continuous line of men on the way like black insects on a white sheet.

We stood at last on what seemed the peak of the world, and our outfit safely there with us. That outfit meant life to us. On all sides, near and far away, there spread around us a sea of mountain snow-covered peaks. Again our sleds were loaded, our necks set within the rope, and we were off dragging our heavy loads. Our clothes had suffered from the frequent trips down the steep side of Chilcoot, and

when we came to timber line and made our first camp, lacking other material, we used our empty flour sacks for patches and tramped along stamped "Pillsbury's Best." Every morning our backs ached, the cause being the cold striking through our sleeping-bags, which had for their bed the snow of many feet in depth.

Coming, after many days of hard travel, to a place where the timber seemed good, we decided to go into camp and build a boat. Here we found seven men who had preceded us two months or more in camp and waiting to build their boats. They were old-time prospectors. Discovering who I was, the object of my journey, satisfied by reason of the simple religious services I held, they offered to saw lumber and build my boat. It was fine; but I could not be idle. My companion had to learn how to whip-saw, even as I had to. It means being a human sawmill. It means outraged muscled and nerves. But we learned. Our boat was the first built.

Being in a hurry, spring nearing, rivers opening, we decided to move on,



though I was loath to part from these kind and friendly men. One wag said that as they had offered to saw my lumber and build my boat, he thought that I ought to stay and do that for them. Loading our newly made boat on the two sleds, putting on it our outfit, with both of us on the line, we started over the lakes still locked in their wintry covering of ice and snow.

The days that followed spell only hard and weary work, so tired out that we laid down in our sleeping-bags, in our tracks, too weary to make a fire and boil some tea. Finally, to our joy, we came to open water, the river issuing from the lakes. Now it would be easier. The sleds were now put into the boat—the boat had been recaulked—and we were off. What a relief! The current bore us on our way, even if we did not row. The river seemed alive with ducks of every kind. We killed enough for our use and they afforded a happy change from the monotonous beans, bacon and sourdough cakes. Gentle rolling hills, with valleys spruce covered, took the place of the cold, skyscraping mountains. We reveled in the change. Soon Myles Canyon appeared in front of us. Before attempting to run this, I went ashore, scaled the heights, followed them along the edge of the canyon, passed down into that narrow gorge through which the river surged, having a high white crest in the center. Having studied it, I thought that I could take the boat safely through it.

We reloaded the boat, trimming it aright for the venturesome ordeal. We lashed provisions enough to the boat, that in case we capsized or swamped, we were sure of enough food to live on. We also put along the boat lifelines to cling to. We were all alone. It was a flying trip we made of it—into and out of the great whirlpool—but safely through.

Before venturing on the succeeding

Squaw Rapids and White Horse Rapids, I had to rest and restore my nerves. These we safely achieved the next day. So it was with Five Finger Rapids and Rink Rapids. On Thirty Mile River we came upon an Indian camp and the Indians here were the first human beings of the Interior we had seen. Two years after, these same Indians killed some of the white men going in and took their outfits. Though detained by them, we made our "get away" safely. Rounding a bend in the great river, we came suddenly upon Fort Selkirk, scene of a Hudson Bay post, and of an assault, sacking and burning by the Chilcat Indians some years before, but now the trading post of Harper and Ladue, a mission of the Church of England, of which Arch-deacon Canham was the missionary.

There was little or no night now, so we traveled without stop until my companion became ill and I had to minister to him and wait until he was recovered. We landed at the mouth of the Klondike river, now without habitation or human being, but within two years to be swarming with thousands of gold-seeking men from all parts of the world.

We next made Forty Mile, a mining camp of some years, where the Alaska Commercial Company had a trading post; also the North American Transportation Company; a garrison of the Mounted Police, and the See House of the great missionary of the C. M. S., Bishop Bompas. The Bishop was not at home, but I had a nice visit with Mrs. Bompas. Later I met Bishop Bompas at Fort Yukon.

Two hundred and eighty miles brought us to Circle City, said to be, at the time, the largest log mining camp in the world. Mining on the creeks, forty miles more or less back of Circle City, was in full swing. Saloons, dance halls, gambling abounded. An enterprising man had built a

large log opera house. I am not sure that any troupes visited the camp. It was, I know, kindly loaned me for services—the first ever to be held here—and I look back upon them with a real pleasure. The attendance was always good. Here I made a bargain for Church lots. As the people pleaded for a hospital, I laid plans to give them one. The mosquitoes were fearful.

Here it was that the Rev. Jules L. Prevost met me. He had come up the river from Fort Adams, hunting for a nurse. He found one. Here I first met William Loola and appointed him a lay catechist for Fort Yukon. A camp of nearly two hundred Indians, poor, diseased, hung on the edges of Circle City. I ministered to them as best I could. They stirred me to the deepest interest and sympathy. We have never been able to do for them what we might and ought to have done. The reason was simply want of workers and then of means. But we have tried to do our best. Having bought a discarded saloon building for hospital purposes and done all that the time permitted, I gave away my self-built boat that had served me so well, and set forth again in a river steamer.

We came to Fort Yukon. It had once been a large community. At the first time of seeing it, there were few people here. There was a trader. Once a Hudson Bay post existed here. And Church of England missionaries served here. Archdeacon Kirkley was here for a time. Archdeacon MacDonald often visited here. And here I met Bishop Bompas, to great joy. From him, with his years of experience and wisdom and missionary achievements, I sought the advice which would guide me in my work. From him I obtained the loan of Mr. H. Bowen, of Forty Mile, a candidate for holy orders. Mr. Bowen took charge of Circle City for the winter of 1896-1897. Hav-

ing selected a site for a Mission at Fort Yukon, we went on and arrived in due time at St. James' Mission, Fort Adams. Dr. Mary L. Glenton was here waiting on Mrs. Prevost when her first-born child came. Dr. Glenton left, on the steamer by which I arrived, for the Outside. She had suffered fearfully from rheumatism in two years and had to go out.

Fort Adams was a Mission, begun by the Church of England. The Rev. Mr. Prevost relieved Archdeacon Canham. There was a village of some two hundred Indians. It was a point to which Indians came in the spring from all sections of the surrounding country. Mr. Prevost had won a great and deserved reputation because of the long winter journeys he made for his successful medical treatment of many a prospector. He issued the "Yukon Press" twice a year, the first paper printed in the Interior. Here I held my first Confirmation service in Alaska. After a delightful visit, I went on to Anvik, where the Rev. Mr. Chapman had a class of sixteen waiting and prepared for Confirmation. Deaconess Sabine was Mr. Chapman's sole, but enthusiastic helper. What years of varying experiences, of varying results, these servants of the Lord labored, but ever with joyful faith; fidelity that could not be discouraged, and with the happiest associations.

From Anvik to St. Michael the journey was continued. At St. Michael, I met the U. S. Revenue Cutter "Bear" and was invited by the kind captain to sail with it to Unalaska.

On board the "Bear" was Dr. Sheldon Jackson, making his annual summer cruise and visiting the schools opened under the Bureau of Education. I was so glad to be a fellow traveler with him. Also there was on board the world traveler, Mr. Wiude, who had left London, under auspices of the "Pall Mall," to cross Alaska,



then Siberia, and then make his way to St. Petersburg. The "Bear" landed him at Indian Head, on the Siberian coast. He never got any further on this trip. Later he was brought away by a whaler returning from the Arctic. It was pleasant to have this opportunity of landing in Siberia. The natives were wild and without any touch of civilization, other than that represented by the whalers. The old Eskimo amalik, Chief Patriarch, was a character. He took a shine to me—begged me to stay—offered me one of his six wives and reindeer—but I saw her, and declined.

We had tempestuous weather in Bering Sea and until we reached Unalaska. Here at Unalaska I left the "Bear" and waited for the monthly steamer "Dora," thereby reaching Sitka. During my stay, I visited the "Jessie Lee House," an orphanage conducted by the Home Missionary Society, of the women of the Methodist Church. For all these years it has been as loyally supported as it has been efficiently carried on. I also visited the work under the Russian Church.

The long trip to Sitka was without incident, unless high seas and roaring storms may be incidents. Kodiak was the only settlement of any account along this long coast at that time, and it is Russian, having a Russian Church and Priest. Sitka was reached in good time, and here I found my family settled and a happy welcome and rest after this long and interesting journey.

### SECOND LONG TRIP.

In the spring of 1897, after a visitation throughout Southeastern Alaska during the winter and starting the Mission at Ketchikan, I sailed westward to Unalaska and then to St. Michael. Father Rene, S. J., Vicar Apostolic of the Roman Catholic Church, was genial fellow traveler. At Unalaska, Bishop Nicholas, of the Rus-



sian Church, joined our ship. So there we were, three of us, and representing the American, Roman and Eastern branches of the Catholic Church. I could relate an amusing disputation between the Eastern and Roman dignitaries, but space forbids.

On this journey, I traveled up the Yukon. I found Circle City a deserted camp. Nearly all the people had stampeded to the newly discovered gold discoveries on the Klondike. Visiting Fort Adams, I found that Mr. Prevost had the new boat "Northern Light" in commission. Using it, we sailed to Rampart, where gold had been discovered. Here we staked out lots for a Mission. And Rampart was for some years an active camp and our Mission under Mr. E. J. Knapp flourished. Rex Beach was for a time one of the prospectors. But Rampart now is practically deserted.



A Native Choir

From Rampart we sailed for Anvik, where I remained some time and engaged in interesting services. Then a steamer arrived from Dawson, bringing the first gold and gold finders from that camp. On board were several sick men, one with typhoid fever. Boarding the steamer, I was asked to do something for the sick. And I did.

We arrived in St. Michael. The bay was filled with all sorts of ships. It looked like New York harbor. It was the result of the Klondike gold discoveries. While here, I held daily services, largely attended. Then I was busy with the sick. Here I found my friend, Father Rene, very ill from a malignant carbuncle at the base of the brain. He was delirious and waited upon by a priest and two nurses. There were no doctors. I was called in. The case was serious. Boldly I lanced the carbuncle transversely. It gave some relief. Father Rene begged me to take care of him. He insisted that he must go out on the first ship, preferring to die in so doing rather than remain all winter at St. Michael. So on the "treasure ship," besides a million dollars in gold from Dawson, there went on board Father Rene, my

typhoid patient, and many with scurvy, etc. I had charge of the sick. Our ship ran on a reef and lost her propeller blades. We got off and by means of sail finally reached Unalaska after many days, where a new propeller was put on. All this time I was pretty indifferent, as I had my whole time, night and day, occupied in ministering to the sick. I have no space to describe the cases. It is enough to say that they were serious and my medical helps were limited. I had intended leaving the ship at Unalaska and taking another to Sitka. But I could not desert my patients. So I continued with them to San Francisco, having the great satisfaction of delivering all as convalescents.

They all recovered. But our ship was so long overdue, Spanish gunboats were mistrusted of getting us, and searchers had been sent to sea to find us. With my patients sitting on deck, bandaged, etc., we surely looked as though we had been in a fight. From San Francisco I made my way home, only soon to be off on my third journey.

### THIRD JOURNEY.

In the late summer of 1897, thousands of men were pouring into Alaska, attracted by the rich gold discoveries of the Klondike. While they followed the Edmonton, Stickine, St. Michael, and Valdez routes, the great body of them came by way of Dyea and Skagway. The White Pass had been discovered and vied with Chilcoot Pass as a way over the divide. Hence arose Skagway as a town and an ocean terminal. Dyea soon had a population of several thousands. But in a short time it ceased to exist and nothing remains today to remind one that it ever existed. Skagway became the place of importance, because a wagon road was constructed, which gave place



to a railroad, "The White Pass & Yukon," begun in 1898.

To this spot, teeming with human life, suddenly become a "Mecca," I came at once. Union services in a "Union Church" were held at first by a Canadian Presbyterian, who left in the early spring of 1898. Our services were also held here. Then came the need of a hospital. The town people entered the movement, but turned it over to me. There broke out an epidemic of spinal meningitis. We were obliged to enlarge and hire more help. Miss Dickey was in charge and wonderful work was accomplished by her. The hospital was crowded with patients, men of all nationalities. It became known as the "Bishop Rowe Hospital," and under Deaconess Carter, who succeeded Miss Dickey, heroic service was given until the town so decreased in population that the needs could better be supplied by the hospital built by the railroad, and we closed it.

For a time, Skagway had a population of 10,000. All sorts and conditions of men and women found their way here—good and bad. Strange to say, the one reputation which gave a lingering character to the place was a notorious gambler, "Soapy Smith," who with his band of one hundred lieutenants looted the unwary. He was killed in 1898 and his band scattered. But I met some of them from time to time in parts of Alaska.

Most of the time I was in Skagway I was the only minister. The Office of Burial was the only one overworked. Shooting affairs were nightly. As I went about on some night errand of mercy, I had to dodge as I heard the report of guns. So it went on until I left in April, 1898, by Chilcoot Pass again for the Interior. I called the Rev. Dr. Campbell from Ketchikan and gave him temporary charge of the work.

Going in on this occasion was very different to the one before. Then I was with my companion, a solitary traveler in the wilderness. Now it was alive with men. And one pleasant feature was meeting them, holding services around camp fires with hundreds in attendance. One incident of this trip remains very clear. It was the death we miraculously escaped—my companion and myself. It was just below "Sixty Mile." The river was in high flood—the highest on record. It was full of swirling trees and debris. Our small boat was caught in a suction and drawn under "sweepers." I saw the danger. I realized it meant death. I said so to my companion. We stripped so that we might fight for our lives as best we could. Our boat went under, and, to my great surprise, came up again and without capsizing or swamping.

We made Dawson — and what a sight! But men like Robert Service have told of it.

On this trip I laid out the Mission at Eagle, revisited all the other points and places as before.

#### ST. PETER'S BY THE SEA, SITKA.

On St. Peters Day, 1899, I laid the corner-stone of this beautiful church in Sitka. It was consecrated in November of this same year and for many years was regarded as the Pro-Cathedral of the district. Unable to find a contractor, I was obliged to act myself in this capacity. This demanded much of my time. But during the construction I made visits to all the Mission stations throughout Southeastern Alaska.

Early in 1900 I was on my way to Nome, where a rich mining camp had suddenly come into existence. From Dawson to Tanana I made my way by canoe and caught a steamer from the latter place to St. Michael and then to Nome. The "breakup" in the Yu-



At the Allakaket

kon was late and many steamers loaded with passengers were icebound at its mouth. I found the Rev. Jules L. Prevost at Nome, living in a tent on the tundra, for hearing of the "strike" at Nome in the winter, I asked Mr. Prevost, who was at the time at Rampart, to go to Nome and secure lots.

Mr. Prevost sold his possessions to obtain an outfit and mushed the seven hundred miles to Nome. The lots had been secured. The best we could do at first was to use a large tent for services. Ten thousand men had suddenly come to Nome. They lived in tents—tents lining the beach for miles and miles. Lumber was scarce and very costly. Labor was out of the question. Mr. Prevost left me for the Outside via Valdez. Rain came on. I concluded to buy lumber to enclose the big tent. Anticipating this, we had built a good floor for the tent, on a good foundation. I called for volunteer help—and got it. So when the Rev. C. C. H. Bloor arrived, the Church was well under way. Our living tent was also our cooking and dining place. I saw the Church finished and left for the Arctic—having first experienced what it meant to be capsized in the breakers which broke madly on the Nome beach.

In the U. S. S. "Bear" I visited

Siberia, all places on the Arctic coast, as far as Point Barrow, including our Eskimo Mission at Tigara, under Dr. Driggs. Returning to Nome, seeing Mr. Bloor nicely housed for the winter, I left for Tanana and waited the "freeze-up."

#### WINTER TRIP.

As soon as the ice was safe for travel, I left Tanana with my dogs on the winter's journey, visiting Rampart, Fort Hamlin, Dahl River, Fort Yukon, and Circle City. There were a few pleasant days, but many very unpleasant ones. At one time the weather marked 76 degrees below zero. It was hard to keep from freezing. The snow was deep and much of the time I had to "break" my own trail. In a lonely spot on the "Flats," as night fell on, I sensed smoke, and in a short time a low log cabin about eight feet square came to view. It spelt shelter for the night and I was happy. But, to my horror, I discovered the sole occupant to be crazy. So I had to bunk in the snow. During the night I was aroused by gun reports. Carefully drawing near the cabin, I asked the man what he was shooting at. He said "people were disturbing me." There was no more sleep for me. I hitched up the dogs and pulled out, but later got men from a woodchoppers' camp to go and bring this crazy man to Circle City, where he was cared for.

Reaching Circle City after many hard experiences—losing my way, dodging open water places and weak ice, circling "overflows," startled with distant howls, etc.—I was welcomed warmly by Deaconess Dean in our hospital and spent some weeks there. Daily I kept up exercises—runs—so as to keep fit for the "trail." Just before leaving, a dance was given on St. Patrick's Day for the benefit of the hospital. It was Lent. An objection was raised. It was referred to me. I



replied that under similar circumstances the Pope would give a "dispensation," and I felt that I could do as well. The dance was held. It was a great occasion. Some people came forty miles and then danced all night. Next day saw me starting out. My dogs had been in a fight and were useless. I was about to leave without them, when a kindly prospector loaned me his only dog. That dog was a joy, a companion; he pulled the sled and I pushed. Falling and nearly breaking a leg, which, had I done so, would have meant death, was a warning never again to travel alone. As the ice began to break in the spring, I reached the point from which I had started.

The years that followed were busy, and movement from one place to another was steady and uninterrupted. In 1903 I was again in the Arctic, when I ordained Dr. Driggs to the Diaconate at Tigara. As winter came on, I made my way to a point on the Yukon and there "froze in." As soon as the ice formed, with my dogs and a companion, I started on a journey which ended in April on the Pacific Coast—six months. Some four weeks on our way we encountered a blizzard. For three days we lay buried in the snow—the only escape from freezing to death. Words would fail to picture the wildness, the viciousness of that storm, our helplessness, the dreadful monotony. My companion failing me, I commandeered the first good Indian whom I found.

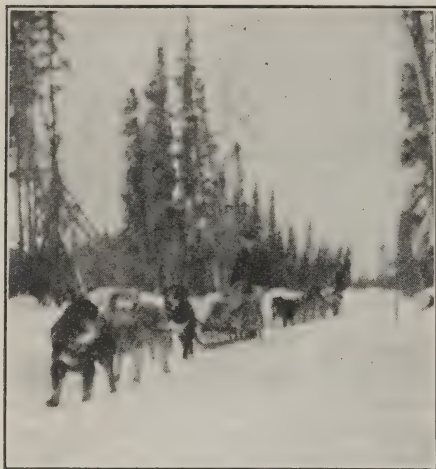
It was on this journey that I made the new camp of Fairbanks. The cold was intense. Food was scarce. Men had died from freezing and pneumonia. At my first service the congregation asked me if I could not provide them with a hospital. I realized the need. The camp had no money. And I was fortified with very little. However, I promised to try. Lots were given. Labor was promised. I appointed a



On the Trail

committee. One whom I appointed objected to acting because he was not a Christian; he was a Jew. He said "that he had been born one and would die a Jew." I replied that I was not concerned what he died as, so long as he acted a Christian. He acted finely. I left a thousand dollars and promised to send a staff of nurses and equipment when navigation opened. Thus came St. Matthew's Hospital—Miss Carter, Miss Farthing, Archdeacon Stuck, and the Rev. Charles E. Betticher, etc. And St. Matthew's Hospital was the big institution for years in Fairbanks, the home of a work that won the high praise of Alaskans in that region. I have always rejoiced that it was our Church that "broke the trail" into Fairbanks, that gave the people a hospital before attempting first a Church or Rectory.

Deciding to travel to the coast directly through a practically unknown and unexplored region of mountains and canyons and frozen rivers, the people tried to dissuade me. However, I persisted. And I would rather say little of this trip of four hundred miles. We encountered great "overflows" and treacherous ice. Upon the great divide storms held us up for days. The time came, after ptarmigan and rabbits failed, that food gave out. Three dogs had to be killed. We had to be careful with those left; for starving, they would have fallen on us had we even



**More Travel**

stumbled on our snowshoes. In our extremity we fortunately ran upon a few Copper River Indians in their hunting camp and were saved. In spite of our condition, we could not but look on the great beautiful mountains all about us, fascinated by them. Finally we reached Valdez, worn out; scarred with frost bites, unrecognized by our friends. But finding a welcome and shelter and refreshment in homes and our own hospital that even now, after many years, I realize all over again.

The work, so lonely at first, was lightened so much by the coming of "fresh recruits" yearly. We were surely on the "fighting line," but we realized the great reserves lying behind us, backing us up. The recruits coming ever were the evidence. The names of these are all dear to me. It would be invidious to give them here. But I may say how wondrously Archdeacon Stuck has relieved and cheered me by and since his coming. To say nothing of the work he has accomplished through enthusiastic journeyings and labors, as well as by his articles pleading for the cause.

Time would fail me to speak of the

Missions which I have begun, or the schools built up and carried on, or the hospitals which have come in answer to the appealing cries and needs of humanity otherwise helpless. And the one sole motive of all and each of our institutions has been "in His Name" and to serve His needy children.

As I have gone up and down, in and out, among the native people, all these years, I have learned them and have loved them. They are naturally religious. To attend a service, receive the Holy Communion, they would go any distance, undergo any labor and suffer any hunger. I see them now gathered around camp fires, half blinded in smoke; packed in some winter cabin or hunting tent, so hungrily and thirstingly "waiting" upon the Word of Life. And I have found them never failing in their readiness to share with needy white men of their scanty store of food. An Indian or an Eskimo boy was nearly always my companion. You could trust one such in such an emergency as when a fire—a quick fire—meant saving your life. Their judgment was good. I remember when I had to get a dog to take the place of one I lost; that



**The Bishop Resting**



going through the village, I selected one and asked, "Peter, what you think?" He examined his teeth and feet and said, "No, him no good; him too long time dog."

Not less satisfactory has my experience been with the miners and traders and prospectors — the white population of Alaska. Many a night have I passed happily in the prospector's cabin, read the Bible by the weak flame of his one candle, and been the object of a great hospitality. It has been touching to see his clumsy efforts in trying to ask you to have prayers

and hymns. I know there were tears; silence ensued. His heart controlled his voice. What sweet associations did such simple services recall? What a time in the life of a man—never to be forgotten.

Among all classes and all men, my experience has invariably been that of a kindly people, ever ready to extend courtesy and help. From the Army and Navy officers and their wives, stationed for a time in Alaska, nothing but readiness to help in the work, and kindness to the workers, was manifest.



## The Visit of the Airmen



HE arrival of the New York to Nome flyers was an event looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation by us Alaskans. And the chief topic of conversation during a great part of the summer was, "When will the flyers arrive?" We Alaskans never doubted but that they would arrive. We may not have expected all to come safely through without accident, but if there is one characteristic about the "sourdough," it is his faith in human ability to "get there." When a man starts out to go somewhere in this North country, he is very likely to reach his destination. Whatever may be the obstacles, and whatever the hardships involved, with a goal in view the frontiersman presses on until he arrives. The story of every stampede is filled with accounts of matter-of-fact persistency and determination, and the misfortunes of the way are passed off as jokes. And, furthermore, this New York to Nome flight did not startle our imagination. For again imagination is one of our fortes. Where is the prospector who

does not have his little creek in some far remote section of the country, richly laden with the elusive gold? And whether it be in the Endicott Mountains of the Arctic, or the snow-capped Nebesna peaks, there is some oldtimer who has painted the creek-bottom lined with nuggets and waiting for him. So when we read of the two successful flights across the Atlantic; of the spectacular race of the "Flying Parson" and his rivals across the continent and back again to Mineola; and of the astounding flight of the Italians from Rome all the way across Asia to Tokio in Japan, why should we have doubted that these clean-cut American youths should fail in their attempt to fly into Alaska and back again to New York?

And the accidents that befell some of the squadron on the way could not but be expected. Delays were inevitable, for this was a pioneer trip across country never before flown over by aeroplanes, and needed repair parts could not be cached at every landing field. Natural enough that something should go wrong here and there on the trip to detain some machine, and in-

volve a delay of many days. And then there is the weather that also was a factor either for the good or the bad of the progress. But be it said to the credit of the Liberty motors and the regular DeHaviland war planes, nothing went wrong that meant faulty construction or lack of efficiency on the part of the pilots and their mechanics. The most serious accident and the longest delay was when Captain Street, the commander of the expedition, broke the tip of his left lower wing in a rough landing at Fort George, in British Columbia. But this broken wing was repaired by the aviators themselves before the repair parts could be shipped in from San Francisco. And also, to the credit of the men and their machines, there were no forced landings between the regular stopping places. The day's hop was not attempted until each pilot was sure that everything was all right.

But as the flight progressed, and the planes came nearer and nearer, the strain of waiting was great. No one who could possibly be in Fairbanks for the arrival, cared to miss the sight of the first aeroplanes to fly into Alaska. So, after finally reaching Whitehorse, which would mean only two days to Fairbanks, the crowd began to gather. Business became a second thought, and preparations were made for being on hand at the proper time. When word came that the flyers were in Dawson, excursionists came in from Nenana, from the creeks, and even a few of the Indians ventured in from points up and down the river.

And then came the actual arrival, on a beautiful sunshiny day, the nineteenth of August. The whole town, as well as the out-o-town visitors, were on hand at the ball park and race track, now called the "landing field." Four tiny specks in the eastern sky soon converted themselves into biplanes, and the humming of the motors made

tremors run through the crowd. Actually here they were, the flying machines from New York! They approached in formation, the commander's plane, No. 1, slightly in the lead, and below, and the other three planes in V formation above him. One by one they swept down and dropped on the field, while the crowd cheered wildly at the thrilling sight. It hardly seemed real, for many in the crowd were gazing for the first time in their lives at flying machines; but these had come to Alaska, all the way from the Outside. An old chief from down river was there. Later, in recounting this strange and wonderful sight that he had witnessed with his own eyes, he said, "All the time, I kept wondering whether indeed I was awake and seeing the things before me, or whether I had passed into one of the trances of a medicine man. But, yes, I saw it, and I know the white men do wonderful things."

In Fairbanks the aviators of this "Black Wolf Flying Squadron" spent but the night of the nineteenth, and on the morrow hastened on for Ruby, the next stop. On the twenty-third they arrived at Nome, just 55 hours and 50 minutes of actual flying time from Mineola. The weather when in Nome was beautiful, and a hop was planned over across Bering Strait to Siberia. When the aviators were in their seats and ready for this flight across and over the opposite coast, a telegram was handed Captain Street, which turned out to be orders from the War Department forbidding the flight. But if the planes could have safely reached Nome, there is no question but that they could hop across the narrow strait over to Siberia and return. And the aviators were keen for this satisfaction.

So with a perfectly clear day, August 26th, the return for New York was begun. Something went wrong



with Captain Street's oiling system, and deciding to land and ascertain the trouble, he signaled the other three planes to proceed on to Ruby. At 3:25 p. m. of the 27th, these three planes dropped in on the Fairbanks field. Captain Street was held in Nome by bad weather following the delay on account of the oiling system. So as the aviators returned to us, we felt that this time we were to become better acquainted than during their hasty visit of the first arrival. The novelty over, of actually seeing these aeroplanes come out of a clear sky and drop on the field before our eyes, we next wanted to know these dauntless young men, the pioneers of a new kind, and the first of their clan we had looked on. Clean cut, and clear eyed, erect and agile, every one was a reminder that "it is a young man's game." From 24 to 27 ranged the ages of the pilots, and from 21 to 32 the mechanics. Most courteous were they, and their patience in answering the numberless questions was great. No wonder they came back from Nome laden with presents,—fur parkees, nuggets, ivory souvenirs, and a pup to the man, the Siberian racing stock specially bred for the famous Nome dog-team races. Their graciousness called for it.

To Fairbanks goes the distinction of being the point farthest north on this flight in the sub-Arctic, and the people of Fairbanks were determined that it would not be their fault if the visitors did not remember their stop in this town. There were several dances, of course,—for a dance is an occasion where everyone can see everyone else, and perchance meet and talk to even the most distinguished of the company. The night of the return from Nome was given over to a banquet by the local chapter of the American Legion. This was very nicely gotten up, and splendidly served by the ladies of the

Legion's Woman's Auxiliary. There were speeches in abundance, but each speaker was supposed to be limited to three minutes, much to the grief of some of the speakers, keyed to oratory as they might have been by the inspiration of this notable visit. The disposition was to spare the aviators the worry of speech making, and to let them off with the innumerable questions that flooded them from all sides. But when Post Commander Nordale presented each pilot and his mechanic with a valuable nugget watch chain, with a locket charm containing local gold dust, and inscribed "Aerial Trail Blazer, Fairbanks, Alaska, August 19th, 1920," Captain Douglas, the advance officer, rose and requested permission to speak. He extended thanks for the welcome given the members of the expedition, as well as his appreciation for the treatment they had received all along the way. He said that last winter, when the flight to Alaska was being planned, he talked to all the men he could find in Washington, who had lived in Alaska. Among them were Brigadier-General W. P. Richardson, Governor Riggs, and Colonel Loghry, who had formerly been in charge of the Signal Service Station in Fairbanks. The information given by these men led him to believe that one could not come to Alaska without coming to Fairbanks. So he stuck a pin in the map at Fairbanks, and worked both ways from there. Captain Douglas also brought down the applause of the banqueters when he asked to be congratulated on the choice of the personnel of the flight, which he also had a hand in selecting. Following Captain Douglas, Lieutenant Nutt, the second in command, rose in behalf of the squadron to express his appreciation for the reception extended by the people of Fairbanks. He said the members of the squadron would be in town until Captain Street could ar-

rive from Nome, and he was sure they would not care how long the stay in Fairbanks would last.

While there was something on the program for each night, as well as duck hunts and trips to the mining operations on the creeks, the aviators did not let these things interfere with their care of the aeroplanes. Each day found them on the field giving their attention to some part of their machines, making sure that everything was as perfect as they could make it.

When Captain Street and Sergeant Henriques finally got away from Nome, they made the hop to Fairbanks in one day. The same evening of their return the whole squadron was given honorary membership in the Order of Pioneers of Alaska, which among Alaskans is considered about the greatest honor that can be extended. Active membership requires a residence in Alaska since 1900, and the credentials of membership are jealously guarded. The Masonic Lodge had a function in honor of Lieutenant Crumrine, a fellow Mason. And so it went, everyone vieing in their endeavor to extend whatever hospitality, honor, or entertainment they could offer.

Captain Street again with the squadron, and everything in shape, the aviators bade farewell to Fairbanks and Alaska the morning of September 3rd. As a parting gift, the Miners' Association presented each of the flyers with a vial containing a half ounce of the gold dust from nearby creeks. The one member who did not capture a pup in Nome was given his pick of several that had been gathered from the town and its vicinity. Following the take-offs and the preliminary circling of the field until each pilot was sure that his engine meant business, the crowd watched the machines as they disappeared in the direction from which they had first come. And so they left us,—to go back to work, and

to wonder about the future of the aeroplane in Alaska.

And what of the future?

The purpose of this flight, according to Lieutenant Nutt, was purely for military purposes. The War Department has built and maintained Alaska's telegraph and cable system, but it is not yet seeking to establish for us Alaskans an aerial mail service. What the War Department wants to know is the feasibility of flying planes into Alaska in the event of trouble in this quarter. Yet the demonstration of this New York to Nome flight plainly shows that an aerial route could be established. No doubt the data gathered by the pilots on this expedition will be of great use in planning any further expeditions by air into this country. And each new flight will add to the store of knowledge which will be needed should an aerial mail route be established. But as far as Alaska, and the Interior of Alaska, is concerned, from the standpoint of the aviator, the worst we have to offer is not as bad as the worst to be faced in the States. Exception might only be taken to the section of the country between Hazelton, in British Columbia, and Wrangell, on the Alaskan coast. But this section could be avoided, no doubt, by using hydroplanes from Seattle up the coast to Skagway, or Valdez, and then from there in it would be an easy matter for the aeroplane. A four-hour schedule from the coast in to Fairbanks could easily be maintained, according to Lieutenant Nutt.

Given the population that would warrant the expense involved, the Interior of Alaska could fairly expect a mail service by air. For, so far as the country is concerned, the Interior is all right. The cold, snow, and rain are all conditions that can be overcome, and even storms can be flown around, continued Lieutenant Nutt. True, there



would be local problems to be worked out, but the routes having a regular mail service in the States only go to show that the aerial service is just being born, and we need have no doubt as to the future usefulness of the aeroplane in Alaska. Of course, there would have to be regular landing fields established and maintained all along the routes proposed, and this naturally would involve a great deal of expense. But all Alaska has to do is to show the Government that she has the population and she need not worry about whether the aeroplane could give satisfaction. Such, in the main, was the gist of Lieutenant Nutt's opinion from having flown over the length of the Interior, on this pioneer trip, and those of us who saw the machines come and go

are quite ready to accept his verdict.

So when our railroad is finished and it brings back to us our population and prosperity, in that day we may next turn our eyes to the aeroplane as the mail carrier to be desired. By its means even the remote Koyukuk diggings would be connected with the rest of us by a matter of a few hours. The settlements here and there on the Yukon and Tanana could have a mail sack dropped to them a few hours after it reached Fairbanks or Nenana, instead of being served by a dog-team once a month with mail from one to two months on the way.

So, hurrah for the aeroplane, and thanks for the visit of the Black Wolf Flying Squadron, which seems to forecast such an assurance!



## NOTES

### EAGLE

The marriage of our missionary-in-charge to Miss Penelope Waddell, of Tarboro, N. C., took place in Trinity Church, Seattle, August 5th, the Rev. W. H. Bliss officiating. Within a few days the bride and groom sailed for Alaska to take up their work together in Eagle. The best wishes of The Alaskan Churchman.



### FORT YUKON

When it almost seemed that the persistent and determined efforts of the Board of Missions, and Archdeacon Stück, to secure nurses would be of no avail, we now learn that a nurse, Miss Gury, and also Deaconess Smith, have arrived in Fort Yukon to become members of the Mission staff. Miss Dalzell remains the teacher at the Government school, which means that we still have in her a valued and ready helper in time of emergency,

### POINT HOPE

On July 16th there sailed from Seattle for Point Hope, Bishop Rowe, Rev. W. A. Thomas, Tony Joule, and Misses Emilie Grunason and Ruth Ward. Bishop Rowe goes on his bi-annual visit, and also to investigate the murder of Rev. A. R. Hoare. Mr. Thomas returns to resume the work he relinquished when Mr. Hoare resumed charge. Tony Joule, after training at Mt. Hermon School, in Massachusetts, goes back to his people as assistant teacher in the native school. Misses Grunason and Ward are post-graduate nurses who have specialized in tuberculosis. They have also had oversea service in a "lively unit." The advent of these two nurses marks the coming of the first women workers to Point Hope since the founding of the Mission in 1890 by Dr. Driggs. The Church could not find nurses, and these courageous women were secured for the work through the co-operation of Dr. Lopp of the Bureau of Education,

## Acknowledgments

The Alaskan Churchman gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following:

St. Mark's, Nenana—Horace Mann School, by Miss Helen Grambrill, \$15; The Hannah Moore Academy, by Miss Mary S. Bliss, \$100; Miss Mary Halsted, \$50; Mrs. G. H. Cunningham, \$200; St. James' Guild, North Salem, N. Y., \$25; Mrs. E. D. Harris, \$10; Miss Diana Duval, \$200; Miss J. H. Rhoades, \$50.

St. Luke's, Salchaket—Miss B. E. Frederick, \$5.

St. Timothy's, Tanana Crossing—Mrs. C. A. Mann., for St. George's W. Aux., \$20; Mrs. G. S. Attmore, \$5; Mrs. H. W. Nelson, \$10; Junior Aux., N. C., \$5; Mrs. Louis Brown, \$25.

General—Miss B. E. Frederick, \$5; Miss Anna J. Vandervoort, \$5.

### Summary—

Nenana .....	\$650.00
Salchaket .....	5.00
Tanana Crossing .....	65.00
General .....	10.00

Grand total .....\$730.00

✦ ✦ ✦

## Appeals

St. Mark's School, Nenana. The sum of \$200, to provide for one child for a year. With our expenses double what they were three years ago, we find it necessary to ask for this increase, and we seek new contributors, as we have only half as many as are needed to support the children who clamor for admittance.

2. Christ's School, Anvik. The sum of \$200, to provide for one child for one year. The Bishop urges support for these scholarships. New buildings are being erected, and new means must be found to keep the children we seek to admit. Can we not expect an increase of the amount given for the scholarships, as well as an increase in

the number of scholarships maintained?

3. Clothing of all kinds will supply a very helpful use at all of our missions for the Indians. While we do not undertake to clothe our natives, still there are many who do not have the means to buy all the clothing needed for themselves and their children. While we have the opportunity of helping them to keep clean and be more properly dressing, in giving the clothing we always require something in return, as for instance moccasins for the children of the boarding school, meat for their food, berries, or perhaps work is contributed. All of which means material help to the Missions and a reduction of our running expenses.

At St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, Miss Blacknall reports that during the summer we have received many helpful shipments, and some splendid outfits. Yet we could use as much again as has been sent. In particular, we are lacking and sadly need more underclothing of summer weight for boys and girls from ages of seven to seventeen. May we ask that sewing circles among our readers take up this appeal, and during the winter collect garments for us.

All packages should be shipped parcel post. Unless the shipment weighs over a hundred pounds, it is cheaper, safer and more satisfactory than by freight. Let us say that parcel post is the proper way to send all packages to the Interior of Alaska weighing up to fifty pounds.

4. Gauze and hospital supplies are asked for at all the Missions of the Interior. See the directory for list.

5. Magazines and books are asked for at the Geo. C. Thomas Memorial Library, Fairbanks.

6. Magazines for the bundle work to the men in the camps and along the trails. Mark these to Mrs. J. A. Clark, St. Matthew's, Fairbanks.



## Representatives

The Alaskan Churchman is represented by the following persons, who are authorized to receive subscriptions and answer inquiries. We shall be glad to hear from any who would be willing, as missionary work, to act in this capacity:

## DIOCESE.

Asheville	Mrs. F. Pickens Bacon, Tryon, N. C.
Bethlehem.	Miss Fannie M. Butler, Mauch Chunk, Pa.
California.	Rev. Frank P. Church, 1217 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.
Chicago.	Miss Carrie Menge, 921 E. 42d Place, Chicago.
Connecticut.	Mr. Rowland M. Beach, 16 France St. Norwalk, Conn.
Cuba.	Miss R. S. Harris, care Harris Bros. & Co., O'Reilly 104, Havana.
Dallas.	Mrs. Helen Easton, 1731 Pine St., Dallas, Tex.
Delaware.	Mrs. R. B. Rayner, 903 Franklin St., Wilmington, Delaware.
Fond du Lac.	Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Georgia.	Miss Gertrude J. Corney, 872 Highland Road, Augusta, Ga.
Indianapolis.	Miss M. J. Collis, 1314 First Ave., Evansville, Ind.
Iowa.	Mrs. John Arthur, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Louisiana.	Miss Gladys M. Fry, 908 Fern St., New Orleans.
Long Island.	Mrs. W. W. Sabine, Nyack Ave., Hollis, L. I., New York.
Los Angeles.	Miss Marriott, 2279 29th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.
Maryland.	Mr. H. W. Atkinson, 10 Bishop's Road Gullford, Baltimore.
Massachusetts	Miss S. E. Whittemore, 21 Carlton St., Brookline, Mass.
Milwaukee.	Mrs. B. Talbot Rogers, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Minnesota.	Mrs. B. I. Stanton, 542 Portland Ave., St. Paul.
New Hampshire	Mrs. Robert Alex. Southworth, Little Boars Head.
New Jersey.	Miss M. F. Jones, 137 Aberdeen Road, Elizabeth.
New York.	Miss Alice Wood Daley, 447 St. Paul's Ave., Stapleton.
North Carolina	Miss Emma J. Hall, 809 N. Tryon St. Charlotte, N. C.

## Oregon.

Mr. John W. Lethaby, 10-11 Ainsworth Bldg., Portland.

## Pennsylvania.

Miss Ann Booth, Haverford.

## Rhode Island.

Mrs. Winslow Upton, 30 Forest St., Providence.

## Southern Ohio.

Mrs. W. K. Schoepf, 622 Oak St. Cincinnati.

## Spokane.

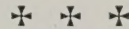
Miss P. E. Tallman, South 1112 Ivory St. Spokane, Wash.

## Washington

Miss F. C. Cox, 2628 Woodley Place, Washington, D. C.

## Western N. Y.

Miss M. H. Buisch, 256 Warwick Ave., Rochester.



## Standing Notices

MAIL—All Alaskan Post Offices, with the exception of a few of the most distant, receive unlimited quantities of all classes of mail in the Summer.

In the Winter, this same rule applies to all Coast towns as far North as Seward (other places, such as St. Michael, Nome, etc., are frozen in and therefore have to depend upon the land trails for their mail).

All points in the Interior that receive any mail in the Summer, receive some mail in the Winter, according to the particular contract. But, in all cases, first class mail is given preference over all other classes. Magazines and newspapers come next. Packages are never carried unless all other classes, combined, fail to bring up the total to the weight required. Those points which are fairly accessible receive at least a weekly mail. The Allakaket receives a monthly mail, and Fort Yukon has a twice-a-month service. Point Hope receives several mails during the Winter, via Nome, which has a weekly service. Anvik receives mail but once a month, being off the regular trail.

As a general rule, our advice is to mail any articles which your postmaster will accept. Once in the mails, they will eventually reach their destinations.

FREIGHT—All freight should be sent through the Bishop's agent in Seattle—Mr. A. H. Horton, 418 Mutual Life Building—who will cheerfully furnish particulars.

EXPRESS—There are offices of the Wells-Fargo Express Co. throughout Alaska. There is a great difference, however, between the rate in Summer and Winter. Be sure to have this fact clearly in mind when you consult your local agent.

NOTE—At any time we are only too glad to answer special queries to the best of our ability. Such matters will have immediate attention if addressed to The Alaskan Churchman, Nenana, Alaska.

## DIRECTORY OF ALASKAN WORKERS

### BISHOP

The Right Reverend Peter Trimble Rowe, D. D. (Office 418 Mutual Life Building, Seattle, Washington.)

### ARCHDEACON

The Venerable Hudson Stuck, D. D., (Residence at Fort Yukon.)

### MISSION STATIONS

Allakaket (P. O. address, Allakaket, via Tanana. Freight address, Allakaket, Koyukuk River)—St. John's-in-the-Wilderness:—

Miss Eleanor Ridgway.  
Miss Katharine Koster.

Anchorage—All Saints' Church:—  
Rev. Edwin W. Hughes.

Anchorage—Outlying Camps, Railroad work, etc:—

Anvik—Christ Church Mission:—  
Rev. John W. Chapman, D. D.  
Deaconess A. G. Sterne.  
Deaconess Marguerite Bartberger.  
Mrs. F. H. Ollsen.

Chena—St. Paul's Chapel:—  
(See Tanana Valley Mission.)

Chena Native Village—St. Barnabas'—(See Tanana Valley Mission):—

Circle City—Church of the Heavenly Rest:—(Vacant.)

Cordova—St. George's Church Mission and Red Dragon Club House:—  
Rev. E. P. Ziegler.

Chitina—(Visited from Cordova.)

McCarthy—(Visited from Cordova.)

Kennecott—(Visited from Cordova.)

Douglas Island—St. Luke's Church:—  
Very Rev. Guy D. Christian, Dean.

Eagle—St. Paul's Mission:—  
Mr. B. W. Gaither.

Fairbanks—St. Matthew's Church and Reading Room:—Camps Visited: Ester City, Chatanika, Livengood.  
Vacant.

Fort Yukon—St. Stephen's Mission and Hospital:—  
Dr. Grafton Burke.  
Deaconess Smith.  
Miss Gury, R. N.

Ketchikan—St. John's Church, Hospital and School:—  
Rev. Richard C. Jenkins.  
Miss Barlow.  
Mrs. J. H. Molineux.  
Miss Edith Harper.

Juneau—Holy Trinity Cathedral:—

Very Rev. Guy D. Christian, Dean.  
Camps Visited:—Douglas, Thane and Perseverance.

Latouche—Visited from Valdez.

Nenana—St. Mark's Mission (see Tanana Valley Mission.)

Miss B. B. Blacknall.  
Miss E. L. Jackson.  
Miss Myrtle Rose.  
Miss Fern Rose.

Nome—St. Mary's Church:—

Point Hope (Tigara)—St. Thomas' Mission:—

Rev. W. A. Thomas.  
Miss Emilie Grunason, R. N.  
Miss Ruth Ward, R. N.  
Tony Joule, Assistant Teacher.

Salchaket—St. Luke's Mission:—

Seward—St. Peter's Church:—

Sitka—St. Peter's-by-the-Sea:—  
Rev. George E. Howard.

Skagway—St. Saviour's Church:—  
Visited from Juneau.

Stephen's Village:—  
Miss Harriet M. Bedell.

Tanana—St. James' Church:—  
Vacant.

Tanana Indian Village—Mission of Our Saviour:—  
Deaconess Mabel H. Pick.  
Blind Paul, Native Lay Reader.

Tanana Crossing—St. Timothy's Mission—(See Tanana Valley Mission):—  
Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McConnell.

Tanana Valley Mission—Including Native Missions on the Tanana River:—Nenana, Chena, Salchaket, and Tanana Crossing:—

Rev. F. B. Drane, Priest-in-Charge.  
P. O. Address, Nenana.

Valdez—Epiphany Church:—

Wrangell—St. Phillip's Mission:—  
Rev. H. P. Corser.

Missionaries on furlough in the States (address at the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

Miss Alice Wright.  
Rev. E. P. Ziegler.